THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XV. NO. 25. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1896.—FIFTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A.O.H. GOSSIP.

Humanity Suggests to the Order in Illinois the Necessity of Hearkening to the Prayer for Aid From Their Brethren of East St. Louis.

Exercises at the Halls of Different Divisions—Preparations for the National Convention of the Order, to Be Held in Detroit, Mich., Next Month.

The appeal from East St. Louis in behalf of the sufferers from the recent disaster is imperative in its obligation on our Order, in Illinois. I am rejoiced to learn that outside of Cook county the A. O. H. are using prompt and energetic efforts to express their sympathy with the sufferers. Will Cook county be tardy when others hasten to relieve? Twenty-five cents each from Cook county Hibernians would make a handsome sum. The time was when from our own city in ashes our appeal went forth to a sympathizing nation, and its echo was lost amid the clamor of friends hastening to assist. Among them the Irishmen, who made their houses along the banks of the Mississippi, were foremost in anxiety to prove their appreciation that sorrow make all people kin. They gave unstintingly, and considering their means, extravagantly. Will we, the generation following those who were the recipients of their generosity, be halting in reciprocity and niggardly in contribution? I do not mean we should deplete our treasuries, but when McLean county, with but five divisions, offers $200, Cook county with thirty-three divisions ought to be able to donate double the sum. Let us hear from the brethren, and I must give the meed of due praise to Div. 23, composed of plain, hard-working men, who were the first to remit their subscription. It is only what I expected of Div. 23, ever ready and prompt when an Hibernian asks for aid.

The County Board proceeding on Sunday, the 14th inst., were enlivened by the good news that Brothers Lamb and Bradshaw, of Div. 11, presented Div. 31 as an addition to the roster. The new division will be organized on Monday, the 22nd inst., in Father Hodnett's parish. I am informed that the reverend pastor of Saint Malachi's parish has shown much interest in the organization, and with his help it cannot fail to be a success.

Division 6 had quite a large meeting on Sunday, June 7, in their hall at Forty-fourth and Halstead streets. Several initiations and many propositions proved that the members are stirring and active. It was decided to hold the annual picnic on Sunday, July 5, and from the eagerness with which tickets were purchased the event promises to be a complete success.

Division 2 had Brother M. E. Lynch county treasurer as a visitor at their last meeting and were favored with some sound advice which cannot fail to be of use if the members of the same can appreciate what a veteran knows is required to better and strengthen the division. I don't know a man today in Cook county who is better able to tell any body of young Hibernians what they ought to do than Brother M. E. Lynch. He is a type of member to be copied, and is ever ready to defend the Order and a brother when either is attacked.

Division 37 broke the record in "smokers" when it filled Coffey's hall on the 11th inst. with an enthusiastic audience to listen to the merits of Hibernianism. No less than twelve candidates were initiated, and the business being closed with despatch, a splendid programme was presented. Addresses from State President Keating, P. H. Flanagan, P. F. Holden, J. P. Dohney, M. H. Hoey and J. W. Breen were listened to with much attention. Brother Flanagan's speech was remarkable for his statement that he had discovered the poet Laureate of the A. O. H. in Brother McNamara, and with a total disregard for that brother's feelings, recited sixty stanzas, which he said owed their existence to the brother's pen. After the audience had recovered the shock following acquaintance with the worthy doctor's muse, Brother Breen of Div. 15 made his debut as a speaker. I have noted our young friend for attention to duties of his office and welcome his arrival among the talkers of the County Board, not that we lack words but that our young friend has much common sense and will not speak merely for the purpose of listening to his own voice or of wounding other's feelings. The recitations of Rev. Father Crimmons and Brother P. J. Reynolds were splendid evidence of elocutionary training and dramatic ability. Master Dohney, the talented son of the president of Div. 37, favored the gathering with some vocal selections. The young gentleman is gifted with a soprano worthy of the favored choir of St. Peter's at Rome. Brothers Sweeney and Flanagan sang two patriotic songs with excellent taste and were much applauded. Brother Fanning was just finishing the tragic contest at Gettysburg when the surprise of the evening came in a stirring speech from Brother Hoey. It was a master piece in its way and will certainly be looked for on future occasions. Div. 37 outdid itself in lavish hospitality, and future events will be gladly welcomed.

Division 20 invited its friends to a "smoker" on Friday and availed itself of the occasion to show its worthy treasurer, Brother O'Grady, what his friends thought of his work for the A. O. H. by presenting him with a handsome solid gold medal, suitably inscribed. Nearly every South Side division was represented. The Rev. Father Gillam spoke in kindly terms of his interest in the Order and his esteem for Div. 20, whose work he had learned to value and whose membership were among the best citizens in the community. Brother Lamb, after welcoming the visitors, introduced County President Henely as chairman of the evening, and after a short address, introduced State President Keating, who spoke on the motto and obligation of the Order. Brother P. J. O'Brien, of No. 17 was in excellent voice and was compelled to respond to an enthusiastic encore given one of his well-sung Irish selections. Brother P. F. Holden rendered the "Boys of Wexford" in splendid style. Brother Sheehan played some old-time tunes on his violin and brought Brother O'Grady on the floor tripping a jig amid loud applause from the gathering. Loud calls for Martin Mulcahy failed to induce the veteran president of Div. 17 to make a talk. Brothers Ryan and Shanahan sang, in splendid voice, Irish selections of patriotic spirit. The evening was a very pleasant one, and though confined to members, the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. Div. 20 is increasing, largely recruited from the ranks of the young men, and with the energy of its officers promises to excel in numbers and material any division in the city.

Brother John McDonnell, of Champaign county, organized a division in Penfield, on June 7, which consisted of thirty charter members. He was accompanied by Brother T. C. Jackson, of Rantoul, and Brother William Coughlin and J. P. Heffernan, of Champaign, who are among the most earnest workers for the A. O. H. in the State of Illinois. We, in Chicago, cannot appreciate the work of our country brothers, nor the difficulties they have to contend with. In this case Brother McDonnell had first to go by train to Rantoul and then drive twelve miles to Penfield, returning at a late hour. Such work is somewhat harder than we have to do who can get on a street car and go anywhere. The following officers were elected: President, Daniel Mooney; Vice-President, John Fleming; Recording-Secretary, J. F. Bowes; Financial-Secretary, M. E. Whalen; Treasurer, Thomas Gordon; Sergt.-at-arms, William Dorcey; Sentinel, J. G. Heneberry; Marshal, J. F. Lynch.

The gratitude of the brothers of Champaign county is due to the Rev. Father McGere for the assistance he gave in the organization of the division, and his kindly interest in the order. I regret to notice that the other county officers of Champaign were not with Brother McDonnell on his trip. On such occasions the county officials should try to go in a body to assist in the initiation and installation attendant on the organization of a new division. Having matters well done at the beginning is very necessary so that first impressions are of a character to imbue the candidates with a respect for the Order and its methods. The county president should receive support on such important occasions, and his confreres in office should spare no effort to be with him.

The preparations for the national convention are being pushed with laudable zeal by our brothers in Detroit, and I quote the following extracts from the official circular, which may be of assistance to the delegates: "The convention will hold its sessions in the Catholic Club Building, corner of Wilcox and Farrer streets, and the headquarters will be at the Russel House. The Detroit Brotherhood report the following programme:

Tuesday, our beloved National Chaplain, Right-Rev. Bishop Foley, will celebrate pontificial high mass at 10 o'clock at St. Peter and St. Paul's Cathedral, Adalaide street; he will also preach. Delegates are requested to be at the Catholic Club building at 9 o'clock sharp, and proceed in a body to the church.

Tuesday evening, reception to the delegates at the Catholic club parlors by Right-Rev. Bishop Foley, National Chaplain.

Wednesday evening, grand banquet.

Thursday afternoon, grand parade.

Friday afternoon, grand sail on the Detriot river and on Lakes Erie and St. Clair, taking the delegates and their friends up and through the famous St. Clair Flats.

Hotels and their locations—Russell House, Woodward avenue, rates $3 to $5 per day; Hotel Cadillac, corner Michigan and Washington avenues, $3 to $5 per day; Hotel St. Clair, corner Monroe avenue and Randolph street, $2.50 to $3.50 per day; Hotel Normandie, Congress street, $2.50 to $3 per day; Wayne Hotel, corner Jefferson avenue and Third street, $2.50 to $3 per day. Those rates are for one person to a room; for two or more persons proportionate rates.

Railroads and Rates—Special railroad rates have been secured; when purchasing ticket at starting point, full fare one way must be paid, and an application should be made to the local ticket agent for a certificate, which will be endorsed at the convention by the National Secretary in order to secure a return ticket for one-third the regular fare. If through tickets cannot be procured at the starting point, parties should pay fare only to the nearest point where such through ticket can be obtained, and there purchase through ticket to Detroit, requesting a certificate from the ticket agent at the point where each purchase is made.

The following will interest those who may wish to suggest alterations in the constitution: "The attention of the brotherhood is called to Art. XXXVIII, Section 1 of our Constitution which provides, that all Amendments to the Constitution must be presented in writing to the National Vice President at least thirty days previous to the next National Convention. The National Directors will meet in Detroit three days before the convention to act on all amendments submitted, but no amendments will be received or acted upon after the opening of the convention.

The Ladies auxiliaries will note the following extract as a recognition of their importance already apparent to the National officers of the Order: "The society of the Ladies Auxiliary has grown and increased beyond our most sanguine anticipations; they have formed county and State organizations all over the country; their laws are crude and far from being perfect, the best thought of the delegates should be to enact a perfect set of laws for the government of those worthy sisters and co-laborers in the cause of true Hibernianism; to that end, we earnestly call for amendments to the Constitution of the Ladies' Auxiliary, the same to be forwarded as soon as possible to the National Vice President, Brother J. C. Weadock, Bay City, Mich. We indulge the hope that a large number of the leading representatives of the Auxiliaries will grace the occasion of the convention with their presence and give us the benefit of their judgment as to the best means of promoting the welfare of the Auxiliary."

It is hoped every County President from this State will be present at Detroit. Illinois will make itself heard if there are any acoustic properties at all in the hall of the convention. ED.

BELLS OF NOTRE DAME.

Consecration of the Chimes of the Handsome French Catholic Church.

From the towers of the church of Notre Dame de Chicago the mellow, sonorous tones of three chiming bells will ring out the hours of service in future. They will announce the approach of joyous events to the faithful and will murmur a softened song during the most solemn portion of the mass. They will tell of weddings and feast days, and ring out the angelus, morning, noon and night, to remind the faithful of God's work on earth.

These three sweet-toned bells—the gift of the loving French congregation of Notre Dame—were consecrated by Archbishop Feehan, after the celebration of high mass last Sunday morning. In a few days they will be swung to their final homes in the two towers, standing high above the main entrance to the church, and the metal tongues will beat the sounding bows and send out messages of peace and good will.

High mass was celebrated with Archbishop Feehan as celebrant, Father Lessage as deacon, and Father Legris, of Kankakee, as sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Father Marsile, of St. Vitus College, Kankakee. It was both eloquent and touching. At the conclusion of the mass preparations were made for the consecration of the bells. The three metal singers had been mounted on platforms and placed near the communion rail. Sacristan Honore had decorated them with white bunting and smilax, which hid their shining brass domes. He had also hung flags of all countries from every point in the church, the French tricolor nestling near the stars and stripes.

The archbishop left his throne, accompanied by the deacon and sub-deacon, and proceeded with the ceremony of consecration. He blessed the outside of the big bell "St. Mary," sprinkling holy water over the metal and anointing it with chrism. Then the huge metal mouth was turned upward and the archbishop blessed the inside of the bell. The big brass tongue and the sounding bow were next consecrated to the work of the church. The smaller singer named after St. Anne was then consecrated and the archbishop went through the same ceremony with the third and smallest bell, "St. Joseph.

Then the archbishop seized the ribbon attached to the huge clapper of the big singer and the first notes of the consecrated bell rang through the church. The prelate rang the other bells and announced they had been consecrated to the service of the church. As he did so, fifty godfathers and godmothers, chosen from among the French congregation as guardians of the singers, placed their hands on the sounding bows of the bells. They seized the ribbons and the clear mellow notes rang out until long after the procession of priests and altar boys had passed out of the church.

The big bell, St. Mary, which was the gift of the congregation, bears the inscription, Monsigneur Feehan, Archveque, A. L. Bergeron, cure, 1896." It weighs 3,000 pounds and will be placed in the western tower of the edifice. The smaller metal singer, St. Anne, was the gift of the women of the Society of St. Anne and bears the inscription, "Don des Dames de la Societe de Ste. Anne." It weighs 1,800 pounds and will find a home, together with the other singer, in the western tower of the church. The smallest bell, weighing 1,150 pounds, also the gift of the congregation and friends of the church, bears the simple inscription, "Joseph, June 14, 1896."

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

ROSSA'S REVENGE.

How, When Placed in the Dock, He Emptied the Vials of His Memory on the Renegade Head of the Infamous "So Help Me God" Keogh.

Heroic Bearing of the Pike-Making Blacksmith, Michael Moore, "One of the Rank and File" Who Struggled and Suffered for Ireland.

I robbed no man, I spilt no blood, still I was sent to jail;
Because I was O'Donovan Ross, and a son of Grannuaile. —*Street Ballad.*

While the jury was absent considering the verdict in the case of John O'Leary, O'Donovan Rossa was placed at the bar. The prisoner objected to his trial being proceeded with. The Governor of Kilmainham had seized papers necessary for the defense, and had refused to give them up. The court directed them to be returned, and in the circumstances Rossa's trial was adjourned.

Michael Moore, the blacksmith, was then placed on trial, charged with conspiring to depose the queen and to procure invasion. Of his guilt there could be no doubt. Many a shining pike-head he had forged in the cause of freedom; and, humble artisan as he was, his demeanor in the dock extorted even the praise of the firmest upholders of British supremacy. Here is a description of the scene at his trial, as described by an onlooker:

"Among them all I have seen no man whose demeanour in the dock—(unless, indeed, it be Charles Kickham's)—impressed me with such sympathy and admiration for the man as Michael Moore, the blacksmith. I will go farther, and say I do not believe that any man ever arraigned at that bar as a "rebel" against the crown—from the days of Emmet to our own—bore himself more nobly than this humble blacksmith, Michael Moore. The genuine naturalness of his manner was its true and transcendant merit. The utter absence of tady, affectation, acting, or attitudinising, showed that the real man was before us. Luby was listless and passive, but sullen; O'Leary silent, but nervous and angered; but Moore exhibited a calm, firm, cheerful, unshaken serenity—a quiet and undemonstrative, but frank, open, and manly bearing. He has a fine intelligent face and a soldierly carriage. Not even when the verdict was spoken was his calmness for a moment shaken. He was called on to say "why sentence should not now be passed" upon him; and made a few observations in a clear, loud tone of voice, prefaced by a remark that he was "not a man of learning or talent, but a plain, humble man." He stood forward at the bar, "like an uplifted lance," his shoulders thrown back, and his fine open countenance looking up at the jury. Not a trace of passion or ill-will was visible in his manner or in his words. But when he came, towards the close, to mention his wife, the poor fellow's lip quivered, and his voice broke. "There is one request alone I have to make, and, perhaps, the men of the crown would grant it—my wife"—(here a pause, and he bit his quivering lip)—"there are some little things of mine which my wife may want—they are in the hands of the police; and she"—(here there was a pause, and his voice became husky, and sunk almost to a whisper)—"perhaps there would be no objections to giving her what is there." Then again a pause, and evidently fearing that his emotion might be misconstrued, he resolved to cease entirely, and abruptly declared he had "no more to say." Then the sentence was passed, a heavy and severe one—ten years penal servitude. Calm, unshaken as ever, the prisoner bowed to the court and walked to his doom.

John Haltigan, the registered printer of the Irish People was next put forward. His trial was a short one, the evidence of his complicity in the Republican movement being complete. He was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, and while the jury was deliberating his case, Rossa was arraigned. He was one of the boldest of the queen's enemies, and had taken a prominent part in the organization of the country. Luby, O'Leary and Kickham could rouse the enthusiasm of the people in leading article and poem, but for organizing purposes their brilliant powers were of little avail. Rossa was of a different stamp. He was a born organizer. Before the movement of Stephens had been many months in existence he had spread its branches all over the South-west of Ireland. In 1858 he had been arrested with some thirty others, on a charge of conspiracy, and after being detained in prison for some time, was at length discharged on his pleading guilty. When the Irish People was established he became its business manager, and was one of the first of those arrested when the government swooped on the office. From the manner in which the jury had been empanelled, and from the fate of his colleagues, Rossa knew he could expect no mercy. He dispensed with the assistance of counsel, and as the attention of the Irish race was concentrated on the Green street dock, he determined to make it a platform from which to preach the doctrines of the movement. "Twenty years is a long time," he retorted, in reply to a remark of one of the judges, "and I want to spend a couple of days as best I can." He badgered the witnesess, defied the judges, and declared his trial to be a legal farce. His cross-examination of Nagle was a brilliant performance. Question after question he showered on the informer with the view of showing up the real character of the chief witness of the Crown, until Judge Keogh interfered to say that his action was prejudicing his case. "The result will be the same," retorted the prisoner, who proceeded to ask further questions, which the judge declared to be irrelevant. He repeated the questions in spite of the judge's ruling. "I claim my right to go on. You can stop me if you please," and on he went, disputing with the judges, arguing with the lawyers, and badgering the witnesess. On the morning of the third day he proceeded to address the jury in his defense. He took the documents and books given in evidence against him, and claimed his right to read them all through for the benefit of the court. As a compromise, although he would insist on reading the Irish People right through, he would not trouble the jury with the advertisements. He selected from the file the articles which specially dealt with Keogh's perfidy as a politician, and read them aloud with most malicious pleasure, to the discredit of Keogh the judge. He read the Chicago Pamphlet right through from cover to cover, although the book contained over eighty pages of closely printed matter. The court besought him to mark any special passage to which he desired to draw attention; but no, the book had been given in evidence against him, and he had a legal right to read it in its entirety. On and on he went, through book and pamphlet and newspaper, throughout the entire day, until evening closed in and lamps were lit in the court. Six o'clock—the usual hour for adjournment—came and Rossa thought he had succeeded in killing one day. "I am now speaking for eight hours, my lord, and I presume we will adjourn."

Judge Keogh—Oh, certainly not. The court will proceed.

The Prisoner—The court closes every other evening at 6 o'clock.

Judge Keogh—Proceed now, sir.

The Prisoner—Why, it's like a '98 trial—a regular Norbury.

Judge Keogh—You had better proceed, sir, with propriety.

The Prisoner—When do you propose stopping, my lord?

Judge Keogh—Proceed, sir.

The prisoner then continued to read other articles, and, on coming to one in which allusion was made to the advancement of "Keogh, Monahan, and Saddlers, said: And now, gentlemen, I will address you a word. I say that indictment has been brought against me, and that man (Judge Keogh) has been placed upon that bench to try me; and if there is a man among you with a spark of honesty in his breast, he will resent such injustice as that. That article has been brought against me in the indictment, and do you all believe that that man on the bench (Judge Keogh) is the man to try me? He has been placed there to try me. I say no more. Let English law take its course.

Judge Keogh—Have you any evidence to call?

The Prisoner—That will do now.

Judge Keogh—Do you call any evidence?

The Prisoner—No, I don't.

Judge Keogh—Well, proceed, Mr. Solicitor-General.

The prisoner then resumed his seat, after speaking for eight and a half hours.

Next day the judge charged the jury, and a verdict of guilty followed.

After the verdict, the Attorney-General rises and prays judgment on the prisoner. He states that the prisoner pleaded guilty to an indictment for the same offense in 1859; and, of course, that fact stands against the prisoner. Justice Keogh charges the same fact upon him, and he answers by a statement that he refused to plead guilty until many months had passed away after the charge was made, and that it was only on the ground of the liberation of two other prisoners, confined on the same charge, he yielded. That, indeed, is a fact, and there is a letter extant, written by one of the informers, dated December, 1858, in which he makes a statement that his information was false. The probability is that if the government had gone to trial with him on that occasion O'Donovan (Rossa) would not have been found guilty. However, this will count for nothing now.

A hush of breathless silence falls upon the court. The most minute sound seems stilled as, with muscles firm and skin unblanched, Jeremiah O'Donovan faces the court. His coolness has not forsaken him in this dangerous moment, without bravado or attempt at pretense to swagger, you see that man is not more timorous in his moment of doom. He looks full at the judges, while the clerk of the crown speaks a few sentences, ending:

"What have you to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

"With the fact," he says, "that the government seized papers connected with my defense and examined them; the fact that they packed the jury; with the fact that the government stated they would convict; with the fact that they sent Judge Keogh, a second Norbury, to try me; with these facts before me it would be useless to say anything."

He has spoken his speech and is done. He has uttered his words with deliberation, and they are caught by an intensely attentive auditory. Towards the end his voice rose and became harsh in its tones, but it betrayed no excitement in any part.

Mr. Justice Keogh then passed sentence as follows: Jeremiah O'Donovan (Rossa), you have, after a most patient trial, been found guilty by a jury of your countrymen, of the offense which is charged against you in this indictment. You have been found now twice guilty of the same offense—once upon your own confession—nearly six years ago—and now by a verdict of your countrymen. We have investigated and considered the details of the evidence as affects your case, and we have contrasted them with the degrees of guilt by which your co-conspirators were affected. We have considered whether there could be a distinction drawn between your case and those of the others who have been tried, but the more we have done so, the more we have been bound to arrive at the conclusion on the evidence that has been brought before us that you entertained those criminal designs at a period long antecedent to them. On the occasion on which you pleaded guilty to the indictment you must have entertained those designs—and that is so far back as 1859. You may have entertained them immediately after your liberation from custody—there is no evidence of that—but you certainly, on the clearest evidence, have been connected with these transactions so far back as the year 1863.

The Prisoner—I am an Irishman since I was born.

Mr. Justice Keogh—We have on the clearest evidence that so far back as 1863, you were the most trusted of the friends in this conspiracy of James Stephens and John O'Mahony. No unprejudiced man who has listened to these proceedings can arrive at any other conclusion than that the jury were imperatively coerced to find the verdict which they have arrived at. I shall not now waste words by trying to bring any sense of the crime of which you have been found guilty to your mind.

The Prisoner—It would be useless to try that.

Mr. Justice Keogh—But it is our duty—and the public interests require it—that a man who once experienced the clemency of the crown, and who afterwards violated his good faith, and proceeds again to conspire against the institutions of this country, shall not have again the opportunity presented to him of entertaining such designs and projects. We could have drawn no distinction favorable to you as between your case and that of the prisoners Luby and O'Leary, who have been convicted of a similar offense; and our attention having been called by her Majesty's Attorney-General to this plea of guilty entered on your behalf in the year 1859, for the identical same offense of which you have been found guilty here to-day, we have no discretion left except to pass upon you the sentense of the court—that you be kept in penal servitude for the term of your natural life.

The Prisoner—All right, my lord.

Mr. Justice Keogh—Remove the prisoner.

The prisoner turns round, nods to his friends in the gallery, and, with a laugh as he is hustled from the dock, the dauntless convict goes to his doom.

In his "Prison Life" Rossa has given us a record of the horrible indignities and the brutal treatment to which he was subjected while in prison, and which afterwards formed the subject of inquiry before a special commission, whose report paved the way for the release of himself and his colleagues.

Since leaving prison he has resided in America. He returned to Ireland a few years ago on a lecturing tour, and became a candidate for the position of city marshall in Dublin, a situation in the gift of the corporation.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

The annual convention of the United Irish societies will be held on Sunday, June 21, at 3 p.m., at Fitzgerald's hall, Halstead and Adams streets. All Irish-American societies and councils of the Irish National Alliance, are invited to send delegates.

J. J. MAHONEY, President.

AN IRISH SHAMROCK.

There's no wit like the Irish wit,
That sparkles as the sun;
And, like the mountain rills agleam,
In music runneth on
Until it finds the soul of laugh,
As rivers seek the sea,
And ming'ling, surge, and break, and roar
In waves of rollickry.

There's no love like the Irishman's
That burneth true, and warm,
To help a friend or shield him by
The power of its arm;
To bid him godspeed on his way,
And shelter from the storm.

There's no hate like the Irishman's
When patience is outraged.
And Power grinds the soul of him
To sentiments of rage;
While Justice holds a weapon out
That griefs may be assuaged.

O then his eye's the eagle's eye;
His arm's a Hercules;
And so, should "Angleland" beware
Of one and both of these;
Who forces her brave sons to drift
Far o'er the briny seas,
Despair their only heritage
Where should be home and ease.

M——.

Are You One of those unhappy people suffering with weak nerves? Remember that the nerves may be made strong by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which feeds them upon pure blood.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, prevent constipation. 25c.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

GOLD IS THE WORD

It Will Go Into the Republican National Platform.

PLANK THAT HAS BEEN ACCEPTED.

Overwhelming Majority of the Delegates Declares in Favor of No Compromise on the Financial Question—Illinois Swings Into Line by a Vote of 40 to 8—Big Row Among the New York Men.

ST. LOUIS, June 16.—Following is the financial plank which will be presented to the committee on resolutions of the national Republican convention:

"The Republican party is unreservedly for sound money. It caused the enactment of the law providing for the resumption of specie payments in 1879; since then every dollar has been as good as gold. We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our currency or impair the credit of our country.

THOMAS C. PLATT.

We are, therefore, opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver except by international agreement, which we favor, and until such agreement can be obtained the existing gold standard should be preserved.

"We favor the use of silver as currency, but to the extent only that its parity with gold can be maintained, and we favor all measures designed to maintain inviolably the money of the United States, whether coin or paper, at the standard of the most enlightened nations of the earth."

A Victory for the Middle West.

The plank above given is a victory for the middle west, but is perfectly satisfactory to the extreme east. The New England contingent, headed by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, and backed by the Platt and Quay forces in New York and Pennsylvania, urged the adoption of a short, emphatic declaration, and their plank was finally formulated at the conference held Monday night. That plank was:

"We favor a maintenance of the existing gold standard, and are opposed to the free coinage of silver except by international agreement for bimetallism with the other leading commercial nations of the world."

This was to be the offer of the eastern men, and upon it they were to stand. The leaders in the middle west states, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Nebraska, were equally strong in their insistence upon a declaration that would not be open to the charge of equivocation.

Plank Proposed by Iowa.

Michigan, Iowa and South Dakota, three of these tiers of states, stood out against a declaration favoring in terms the present gold standard. They rather favored something distinctively friendly to silver, while affirming their opposition to free coinage under existing circumstances. The plank agreed upon by the Iowa delegation after a four-hour struggle and which is understood to have the indorsement of Senator Allison fully sets forth this idea. That plank was as follows:

"We favor the use of gold, silver and paper as the money of the United States, all to be kept on a parity of value, and the enactment of necessary laws to accomplish the purpose.

Unwise to Adopt Free Coinage Now.

"We also favor the use of silver as international money, either through international agreement to secure a common ratio with free coinage at such ratio by the agreeing nations, or by concurrent legislation of the leading nations to accomplish the same purpose. That pending such an arrangement, which should be prompted by the power of the United States, it is unwise and inexpedient for the United States alone to adopt a free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 and therefore we oppose such free coinage of silver."

Accepted By the Eastern Men.

The leaders in the middle west offered the plank agreed upon and which heads this dispatch. This plank was submitted to Senator Lodge and other eastern men as a substitute for the plank prepared by them and has been accepted as completely satisfactory. Thus it is believed ends the long fight over the financial plank.

The Committee on Resolutions.

As far as elected the committee on resolutions has a large majority for gold in the platform. The following states will so vote when the test comes, according to the declarations made by members of the delegations and by the committeemen themselves: Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Indian Territory, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin—total, 25.

SILVER MEN STILL IN THE FIGHT.

Have Their Programme Mapped Out and Are a Unit in Sentiment.

To the Associated Press Senator Dubois made the following statement over his own signature:

"The silver men have in no sense abandoned their fight, and those who suppose they have will find themselves very much mistaken. We have a perfect understanding among ourselves, and our plans are made, as will be seen in due time. We shall go into the committee on resolutions and from there into the convention with a demand for the free and unlimited coinage of silver. We shall expect to be given our due share of time in the convention, and to be fully and fairly heard in the presentation of our cause.

"We expect to be able to show that our demands are in accord with the doctrine and traditions of the Republican party. We cannot, of course, hope to win. What we shall do when this is demonstrated the public will then see, but in whatever we do we expect to have the co-operation of the delegations from Idaho, Colorado, Montana, Utah and Nevada, and also that of other scattering delegates."

The principal controversy among the Montana delegates at their meeting was conducted by Representative Hartman, who favored a bolt, and Judge Streville, who contended that such a course would be ill-advised. Streville represents a wool growing constituency, and he contends that protection is of greater importance to his people than bimetallism. There was a very sharp passage between him and Hartman.

Considerable division exists in the Montana and Utah delegations. The Montana delegation is evenly divided, with Senator Mantle heading the wing favorable to walking out of the convention and Senator Carter heading the forces opposed to this action, there being three delegates on each side.

This subject formed the basis of quite a stormy scene at the meeting of the delegation. Carter advanced the idea that the silver men could be just as effective by uttering a strong protest against the adoption of a gold plank and still remaining in the convention, while Mantle contended that the only course left to the silver men was to leave the convention in case it should decide upon a course so antagonistic to their belief as would be the adoption of a gold standard declaration.

In Utah there is a majority favorable to a bolt. Senator Brown, who did not stand with the other senators from the silver producing states in their antagonism to the Dingley tariff bill, will not bolt. One other member of the delegation may stand with him, but the other delegates will walk out of the convention in case of the adoption of a declaration for gold monometallism.

The latest estimate of the division of the states on the financial question is given to the Associated Press from the leaders in the various movements, and has been submitted to them in tabulated form and approved. The results are as follows: For gold standard, with the word "gold" in the plank, 330; for free silver, 66; against free silver, but without mentioning gold, 304; doubtful, with Missouri in favor of "present standard," 154.

THE NEW YORK DELEGATION ROW.

Hard Words Enough Said to Create a Very Great and Yawning Chasm.

The meeting of the New York delegation was not attended with any "scrapping," but it was not for want of hard words. Miller wanted Platt deposed as chairman of the delegation, and to do this proposed the name of Chauncy M. Depew, who declined. In the course of a speech he said: "I stand here to repudiate the leadership of the man who has declared that McKinley is unfit for the office of president. I cannot stand under such a banner. I cannot go forward with the world pointing its finger at me and saying 'How can you vote for a man whose ability you have questioned.' I for one will not follow the leadership of Platt."

Thurlow Weed Barnes, then standing directly in front of Miller, talked at him in some of the most violent language that has been heard, while the majority of the delegates applauded. "This man," he said, "who was elected to represent the state of New York as preferring the candidacy of Levi P. Morton, has turned over to William McKinley. Why, who is the traitor? [Cries of "Miller, Miller."] What is the issue? Why, it is Miller against Platt, and that alone. The people do not want to follow a traitor's lead."

Miller sat with trembling lip and General McCook strove to break into the affair by moving to proceed with the vote. Miller tried to get him to not withdraw Depew's name, but he insisted, and named Warner Miller. "That's the issue, that's it; a traitor against a Republican," shouted Delegate Aldridge. Then Senator John Raines arose and in scathing terms denounced Miller. He said: "Now the gentleman has placed himself in the position he coveted. Shall we choose a Republican or a kicker? A chronic kicker from Herkimer, a man whose place is never known, who was never faithful to any man or any party? That is the issue.

"I hurl back in the Herkimer statesman's teeth the statement that Mr. Platt has maligned Mr. McKinley. When election time comes and New York Republicans cast their votes for president, whether he be Morton or McKinley, he will get Mr. Platt's support and the support of New York Republicans, but he can never rely upon the vacillating and treacherous statesman from Herkimer, Warner Miller. His name will go down to ignominy."

For three hours the Illinois delegation struggled in a discussion over a money resolution. It contained the words "gold standard," and it was this which caused the contention. The members from southern Illinois wanted no mention made of gold. The farmers in that portion of the state were suspicuious of any mention made of gold. They said they thought it favored Wall street. Their idea was voiced by William Penn Nixon, of the Chicago Inter Ocean, who said the party did not want a word about gold in the platform. R. W. Patterson, of the Chicago Tribune, replied to Nixon declaring that to leave out the word "gold" would be cowardly. The word was retained—40 to 8.

As a result of much telegraphic negotiations between St. Louis and Albany it is definitely stated on what is believed to be good authority that Governor Morton has finally yielded to the solicitations of his friends and has agreed to accept the vice presidential nomination—despite the split in the New York delegation. He is now to be vigorously pressed for the nomination.

CORNELIUS DEFIES HIS PARENTS.

Grandson of the Late Commodore Vanderbilt Will Wed Miss Wilson.

NEW YORK, June 12.—That young Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has a will of his own is shown by his desire to hasten his marriage to Miss Grace Wilson, in spite of parential opposition. Invitations are out for the ceremony, which is announced to take place at 12:30 o'clock Thursday of next week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, 511 Fifth avenue.

There will be no attempt at a show of display, and the wedding will be as simple as possible, bridesmaids, maids of honor and even ushers being dispensed with. Rev. Dr. J. Wesley Brown, rector of St. Thomas' church, will officiate. The family will show their opposition to the match by staying away from the wedding, but young Vanderbilt has a fortune of $2,000,000 in his own right.

MINNESOTA DEMOCRATS FOR GOLD.

Michael Doran Wins the Fight of His Life and Then Retires.

ST. PAUL, June 12.—As a decidedly dramatic close to the most exciting Democratic state convention held in Minnesota for many years, Michael Doran, for a score of years the political "boss" and national committeeman from this state, yesterday defeated every move of those who sought to bring about his defeat, winning not only in the passage of a gold platform, but also in being chosen by a large vote to lead the Minnesota delegation at Chicago.

After a spirited defiance of his enemies in the convention, he begged to be allowed to retire from the delegation, and asked that Daniel W. Lawler, of St. Paul, one of the best and most favorably known Democrats in the northwest, be named in his stead. There were vigorous protests from the convention, but his request was granted and one of the best known Democratic leaders in the United States gracefully retired from the arena after winning one of the hardest fights of his life.

There were two platform reports, eight of the committeemen favoring a gold standard plank and six reporting a platform made up of selections from the national Democratic platforms of 1892, 1884, 1876 and 1868, and favoring free silver coinage at 16-to-1 ratio. On a motion to substitute the minority for the majority report the silver forces were defeated, the vote being 323 to 436.

The financial plank that was adopted is as follows: "We are unqualifiedly in favor of the present gold standard of value. We favor the use of both gold and silver as money, and believe that our government should coin and keep in circulation as a part of the circulating medium as large an amount of silver as can be employed without destroying or threatening to destroy the existing parity of value between the unit in gold and the unit in silver."

WALLING TRIAL COMING TO AN END.

Desperate Attempt of the Defense to Discredit Jackson's Testimony.

NEWPORT, Ky., June 12.—The trial of Alonzo M. Walling, as far as the examination of witnesses is concerned, will end this week. It will then require Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week to give it to the jury. By noon today the defense will close. The rest of the week will be occupied in rebuttal or sur-rebuttal evidence. The defense is employing desperate energy to break down the testimony of George H. Jackson, the colored cab driver.

A large number of depositions and personally present witnesses were called yesterday for that purpose, including Colonel Washington and Colonel Shepard, attorneys for Walling; also Judge Bennett, of the county court. An attempt is sought to be made to break down the evidence of the clerk of Heider's hotel that Walling came in there, shook the rain off his hat and coat, and took a bed at 3 o'clock on the morning of the murder.

The drift of the testimony was almost wholly in the direction of these two purposes. Only three experts were examined and they only briefly. The state of the weather on the Thursday before and on the Friday night and Saturday morning of the murder will cut a figure in the evidence and that was given by Captain Bayler, of the Cincinnati weather bureau.

GOTHAM BANKER SHOT.

The Would-Be Murderer Then Turns the Weapon Upon Himself.

NEW YORK, June 15.—George H. Wyckoff, president of the Bank of New Amsterdam, was shot twice in the abdomen and side Monday afternoon while in his private office in the bank by a man named Clarence Clark. Clark demanded money, and getting a refusal, fired the shots and then turned the pistol on himself. Both men are now at the New York hospital in an unconscious condition. When Clark had gained access to Mr. Wyckoff he presented the following letter, which was written on Hotel Marlborough paper in blue ink, and in a clear, legible hand:

"We want $6,000. Five one thousand dollar bills, ten $100 bills. I will shoot you if you make a false movement, so be careful. My partner outside also has you covered, and if you give an alarm within three minutes after I leave he will throw a stick of dynamite through the front entrance. Put the money in an envelope. Don't talk."

The shots were here heard by a patrolman in the street, who ran into the bank building in time to see Clark fall. Mr. Wyckoff is 60 years old and resides in Montclair, N. J. Clark is about 30 years old and wears a sandy mustache. He was well dressed.

Welcomed Back to Johannesburg.

JOHANNESBURG, June 15.—Lionel Phillips and George Farrar, the recently released leaders of the Johannesburg reform committee, met with an enthusiastic reception upon their arrival here. They were carried on the shoulders of their admirers to the stock exchange where they received an ovation. The building was invaded by excited outsiders and business had to be suspended.

"Back" Hinrichsen and Silver.

JACKSONVILLE, Ills., June 12.—The Democratic convention for the Sixteenth congressional district closed the fight over representative in congress by selecting W. H. Hinrichsen, secretary of state, for the candidate. Among his opponents was Elnis E. Downing, who was recently unseated in favor of Hinaker. The platform declares for free silver.

Fairbanks a Pilgrim to Canton.

CANTON, O., June 13.—The morning train from Cleveland brought to Canton C. W. Fairbanks, of Indianapolis, who went to the McKinley residence, where he remained until noon. At that time he was joined by Judge William R. Day. He left for Cleveland at 12:30. General Fairbanks, in reply to a query, said he had nothing to say for publication.

Knights of Honor Elect Officers.

LOUISVILLE, June 12.—At the session of the supreme lodge, Knights of Honor, the election of officers resulted: John R. Mulligan, supreme dictator, Yonkers, N. Y.; D. F. Nelson, supreme reporter, St. Louis.

THE DEATH RECORD.

SPAFFORD TETON, leading Michigan attorney, at Dowagiac, Mich.

Captain J. S. KINNON, wealthy citizen of Jefferson, Ia.

Ex-Judge ISAAC H. MANVARD, at Albany, N. Y.

JOSIAH S. HARRISON, one of the oldest residents of Lebanon, Ind.

WILLIAM P. BENNETT, probate judge of Cass county, at Cassopolis, Mich.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

TAYLORVILLE, Ills., June 13.—The Taylorville coal mining works were destroyed by fire yesterday and eighty-five men entombed alive. After hours of suffocation all but three were rescued alive. The fire, which was caused by an explosion of gasoline, spread rapidly through the mine, cutting off the men at work in the lower levels. Those rescued were taken out through a shaft that the fire did not reach. The flames are still raging below and the bodies of the three dead miners cannot be recovered. Twenty mules also perished. The loss by fire will be $75,000, fully insured.

Pitiful Scenes Around the Shaft.

Pitiful indeed was the scene around the main shaft. Thither had gathered the wives and children of the men who found their daily sustenance in the black bowels of the earth. Some prayed, while others cried, and all hoped for the best.

The fire started in the oil room, situated at the bottom and about seventy feet from the working shaft and rolled toward the opening. The fans were then running at their usual speed, throwing air from the hoisting shaft through the mine to give the men sufficient oxygen.

Drove the Smoke Through the Mine.

This drove the greater part of the smoke through the avenues of the mine, suffocating and blinding the imprisoned miners. Death to all the workmen seemed inevitable as they could never find their way to the airshaft, out of which volumes of smoke poured, two and one-half miles away. Men, women and children, relatives and friends of the apparently doomed miners hastened to the scene and in wild agony of fear and suspense crowded and jostled each other around the burning shaft seeking and calling for their loved ones.

Fire Companies Were No Use.

The fire companies attached their hose and attempted to throw water down the shaft, but the pressure, though sixty pounds to the square inch in the city, failed to force water at that distance, and it was like pouring it in from a jug. Word was sent to the city engineer to put on direct pressure, but from some cause he failed to obey the instructions.

Men Groping for Life.

The men below, groping along the bottom of the mine, slowly but bravely seeking safety by crawling upon their stomachs with faces close to the ground to avoid instant suffocation from the awful smoke and impenetrable darkness surrounding them, were trying to work their perilous way to the air shaft without hope of success, and realizing the impossibility of rescue by their frantic friends above.

Death Seemed Certain for a Moment.

Suddenly they felt the current of smoke change, and for one brief moment it seemed to them as if the fiery monster had seized the air shaft ahead and was rolling greater volumes of deadly gas back to meet that behind. Death seemed certain only for a moment, for with the first few convulsions of the fans reversed the smoke began to clear, followed by a whiff of purer air, and the men with prayers of thankfulness renewed their efforts to reach the haven of their hopes.

A Great Wave of Joy.

Many friends were awaiting them at the mouth of the air shaft, and as they came out in groups and realized that they were safe a great wave of joy went up from many hearts which but a moment before were bursting with agony. The men were saved by the change of the air current in the nick of time, but the buildings at the top of the burning shaft were beyond the control of the fire companies.

Decision Against Governor Altgeld.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 12.—The supreme court handed down an opinion yesterday in the case of the people ex rel. McDougal vs. James J. O'Toole, involving the right of the governor to appoint justices of the peace for Cook county other than those recommended by judges of the circuit, superior, and county courts of Cook county. These judges recommended O'Toole for appointment to succeed himself, and the governor appointed Edwin J. Rhoades, which the senate confirmed. The court holds that the governor had a right to refuse the nomination of O'Toole, but no right to nominate another man without the recommendation of the judges.

A. P. A. Wants Recognition.

ST. LOUIS, June 16.—The members of the American Protective association will ask the National convention to recognize them to the extent of inserting a plank in the platform which, after conceding to all the utmost freedom in the exercise of the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, will declare for restriction of immigration to a certain limit; for making it harder for a foreigner to become a citizen; for one general non-sectarian public school system; and against the appropriation of public money to sectarian institutions.

Cook County Gold Standard Men.

CHICAGO, June 15.—The gold standard Democrats of Cook county held their convention Saturday night. A full list of candidates for county offices was named and delegates to the Peoria convention were selected. Resolutions in favor of the single gold standard were adopted.

Child Burned to Death.

ROODHOUSE, Ills., June 15.—While the 5-year-old daughter of Mrs. A. Hatfield of this city was playing with matches Sunday her clothing caught fire and was nearly burned from her body before the flames were put out. The little one died in great agony.

State Notes.

Mrs. Sarah Voyles secured a divorce at Hillsboro, Ills., and married another man inside of an hour.

The total number of deaths in Chicago for May, as reported by the city health department, was 1,804, and the death rate 1.13 to the 1,000, based on a population of 1,600,000.

Miss Gertrude Messenheimer, of Hillsboro, Ills., committed suicide by taking carbolic acid because her sweetheart had broken off their engagement. She was only 15.

Charles Phillips, aged 12, while fishing at Decatur, Ills., fell into the Sangamon river. Ed Heinheimer, aged 9, jumped into the water to help him. Both boys were drowned.

HORRIBLE MURDER.

Man Plunges a Nine-Inch Knife into Another's Body.

CHICAGO, June 15.—"I'll get you yet," said Daniel Carroll, as he wiped the blood from his face after an encounter with Robert Rowan in Samuel Davidson's saloon, 565 State street, at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. He shook his fist in the direction of Rowan and left the saloon. Ten minutes later Carroll re-entered the place. In his right hand he carried a butcher-knife, with a narrow, thin, sharp blade, nine inches long. Approaching Rowan, who was standing with his back against the bar, Carroll, with an oath, plunged the knife to the hilt into Rowan's body. The blade penetrated the left side an inch below the heart. With the knife sticking in his body, Rowan sprang to a billiard table and seized a billiard cue. As he raised it above his head to strike his assailant, he gasped, "He has got me!" and dropped to the floor dead.

Carroll gazed coolly at his victim for a moment, walked outside the saloon door and stood in front of the place for a few minutes. Half a dozen men had witnessed the murder, but none of them made any attempt to apprehend the murderer. Carroll left the scene of his crime five minutes after its occurrence, and started on a run eastward on Twelfth street. Several of the men in the saloon pursued him. Officers Melissia and Flynn of the Harrison street station were standing at the corner of Wabash avenue and Twelfth street. Carroll ran into their arms and was arrested. He was taken to the Harrison street police station and locked up.

LAST DAYS OF CONGRESS.

Doings in the Senate and House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The senate passed a joint resolution for adjournment at 4 p. m. today. All the disagreements between the houses were disposed of so far as the senate was concerned. The bill to amend the law of contempt of court so as to allow cases of indirect contempt—like the Debs case—to be tried by a jury with appeal to the supreme court was passed, as was the bill to increase the salaries of letter carriers, and the Hoover pension bill over the veto. Adjourned to 11 a. m. today.

The house agreed to the public building items in the sundry civil bill, and at adjournment had only the District of Columbia bill to agree to. Adjournment was taken to 11 a. m. today. Both houses held night sessions, and both passed a large number of bills of only local importance.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—As per the resolution adopted by both houses Wednesday congress adjourned sine die yesterday. There was no business done in either house except the formal appointment of committees to wait on the president and the reception of their reports. Both presiding officers made brief and graceful addresses thanking the members for their courtesy and consideration, and in the house the speaker was accorded the unusual honor of a standing unanimous vote of thanks.

Suicide of a Wealthy Man.

ST. LOUIS, June 11.—John R. Best, a wealthy lumber dealer, committed suicide Wednesday at his residence by cutting his throat with a razor. His act was due to temporary aberration of the mind produced by fright at the violence of the recent cyclone. Mr. Best was manager for the Big Four Lumber company of Arkansas.

Sanitarium Gutted by Fire.

SANTA FE, N. M., June 15.—St. Vincent's sanitarium conducted by sisters of charity, was burned Sunday night and the hospital annex was gutted by the fire. The loss amounts to $100,000; insurance, $8,000. Booth institutions were crowded with guests and patients, but there were no fatalities.

Charity Conference Closes.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., June 11.—The National Conference of Charities and Corrections closed its work last night. The officers elected are: President, Alexander Johnson, of Fort Wayne; general secretary, H. H. Hart, of St. Paul, Minn.; treasurer, Levi L. Barbour, of Detroit.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, June 15.

Money on call firmer at 2¼ per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486¼@488¾ for demand and 485¾@487¾ for sixty days; posted rates, 488@486¼ and 490@486½; commercial bills, 486¼.

Silver certificates, 68¾; sales, 40,000; bar silver, 68¾; Mexican dollars, 53¾.

United States government bonds strong; new 4's registered, 116½; do. coupons, 116½; 5's registered, 113¾; do. coupons, 113¾; 4's registered, 108½; do. coupons, 109¾; 2's registered, 94½; Pacific 6's of '97, 103¼.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 16,000; sales ranged at $3.00@3.80 westerns, $2.25@3.40 Texans, $2.25@4.15 natives and $3.00@4.25 lambs.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, June 15.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—June, opened 58c, closed 56¼c; July, opened 54¾c, closed 55½c; September, opened 59¾c, closed 57¾c. Corn—June, nominal, closed 27¼c; July, opened 27¼c, closed 27½c; September, opened 28¾c, closed 28¼c. Oats—June, nominal, closed 17½c; July, opened 17¼c, closed 17¼c; September, opened 17¼c, closed 17¾c. Pork—June, nominal, closed $7.05; July, opened $7.05, closed $7.12½. Lard — June, nominal, closed $4.10; July, opened $4.15, closed $4.17½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 14½c per lb.; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 9@9½c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 6@8c per lb.; chickens (hens), 7½c; roosters, 4@4½c; ducks, 6@8½c; geese, $4.00 per dozen. Potatoes—Good to choice, 15@18c per bushel. New potatoes, $1.50@2.00 per barrel. Apples—Fair to fancy, $2.00@4.50 per barrel. Honey — White clover, 12@14c per lb.; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c. Strawberries—Michigan, $1.60@1.60 per 16-quart case. Blackraspberries, $2.40 per 24-quart case; red raspberries, $1.60@1.80 per 24-pint case. Blackberries, $1.25@1.50 per 24-qt. case.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, June 15.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 42,000; sales ranged at $2.75@3.40 pigs, $3.05@3.40 light, $3.75@3.80 rough packing, $3.00@3.80 mixed, and $3.85@3.20 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 16,000; quotations ranged at $4.10@4.45 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.80@4.10 good to choice do., $3.60@4.05 fair to good, $2.80@3.60 common to medium do., $2.25@3.00 butchers' steers, $2.00@3.60 stockers, $2.10@3.00 feeders, $1.40@3.60 cows, $2.40@3.10 heifers, $2.00@3.60 bulls, oxen and stags, $3.00@4.05 Texas steers, and $3.00@5.35 veal calves.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, June 15.

Wheat—Cash white, 60c; cash red, 60c; July, 57½c; August, 58½c; September, 60c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, June 10.

The big department store of James M. McKendry & Co. at Toronto was burned. Loss, $150,000.

Two daughters of late Representative Dudley C. Haskell were married at Lawrence, Kan., yesterday. Edith Haskell was wedded to A. L. Burney, of Harrisonville, Mo., and May Haskell to Otis H. Holmes, of Cresco, Ia.

C. F. Milligan and Frank Upham have leased the Victoria Hotel, Chicago, and will assume the management in a few days.

The Milwaukee city council has passed an ordinance to compel the street railway company to sell twenty-five tickets for $1.

Mayor Strong, of New York, has made charges of neglect of duty against Police Commissioner Parker. An interesting fight is promised.

Three men, Milson, Fowler and Seaman, were hanged in Newgate prison, London on one scaffold. The execution was private. They were all murderers.

William White, aged 45 years, having a wife and seven children, was fatally injured by a Peoria, Decatur and Evansville train.

Thursday, June 11.

During the official trial of a new French ironclad one of her boilers exploded, injuring nine men.

Charles Ihl, of 839 Mozart street, Chicago, has been held up three times within as many weeks.

A man in Ypsilanti, Mich., who had found his wife to be faithless, invited many friends, including his wife's admirer, to attend a party at his home. In the midst of the festivities he denounced the pair and then threw them out.

Five horses have been stolen in Oak Park, a Chicago suburb, and vicinity since Saturday night.

M. S. Hastings, of Washington, Ind., an attorney in a divorce suit against Mrs. McTregart, was assaulted with an umbrella in the hands of the defendant.

Fatty degeneration of the heart was the cause of Frank May's death.

Peter Morgan, 25 years old and a laborer at Chicago, was run over and instantly killed by a Chicago and Alton freight car. Morgan went to sleep under the car.

Friday, June 12.

Clifford Best, of Chicago, has sued the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis railroad before Judge Goggin for $25,000 for the loss of a foot, the result of a collision.

The First National bank at Larned, Kan., has closed its doors after a heavy run induced by the controversy over the local water works. The directors hope to be able to resume soon.

An agreement has been made between this government and Mexico for a daily international registered mail-pouch exchange between St. Louis, Mo., and the City of Mexico, to go into operation July 1.

At Green Forks, near Richmond, Ind., Dr. Charles Fear and Edward Wright engaged in a quarrel. The former was shot four times. The wounds did not prove fatal.

Over 2,000 students of Harvard participated in a riot after a celebration of the victory of Harvard's ball team over Princeton. Several students were arrested.

Next Sunday is children's day in the churches throughout the land and also the centennial of the adoption of the stars and stripes.

Saturday, June 13.

The order for their release on a fine of $125,000 each had hardly been issued regarding the "reform" prisoners at Pretoria before Barney Barnato was at the jail with a check for $250,000 to pay the fines of Hammond and Rhodes. He found that he was too late, however—the fine had been arranged.

A mirage was observed over the lake at Chicago just before sundown. Where an expanse of water had been suddenly appeared towns, meadows, trees and grass-covered banks. The scene lasted ten minutes.

A new woman at Pittsburg knocked her husband down because the dinner did not suit her. She was fined $10.

A Vigo, O., man hanged crape on his door, dressed himself in his best clothes and then hanged himself.

Mrs. Zeneshondia Garbeis, aged 74 years, was killed by jumping from a window and Frank Garbeis, aged 5 years, suffocated, at a fire at Pittsburg.

A jury at Chicago has awarded Thomas Reidy $12,000 damages for the loss of a leg on the Pennsylvania road.

Monday, June 15.

Annie Colespie, a servant, has been arrested at Charlotte, a summer resort near Rochester, N. Y. She was a hotel servant and assisted her lover to rob the guests.

A. E. Burkhardt, of Cincinnati, furrier and hatter, has made an individual assignment to C. W. Baker. Assets, $160,000; liabilities, $80,000.

The Chicago thief who shot himself when detected stealing a package has been finally identified as Charles Barrett, alias L. A. Ronson, thought to have hailed from Cleveland.

Elliott Holbrook has left Pittsburg for Princeton, Ills., to accept the general superintendency of the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis railroad. Holbrook was recently superintendent of the Pittsburg division of the Baltimore and Ohio.

The widow of John A. Cockerill, the journalist, has just been married to Rudolph Lineau. Cockerill died in Cairo, Egypt, April 11 last.

The United States flag will be a prominent object in the parade in honor of Jefferson Davis at Richmond July 2.

More Medical value in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other preparation.

More skill, more care, more expense in manufacture. It costs proprietor and dealer **More** but it costs the consumer *less*, as he gets more doses for his money.

More curative power is secured by its peculiar combination, proportion and process, **More** wonderful cures effected, more testimonials, more sales and more increase. Many more reasons why you should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

POSTER LAND.

In Poster Land the girls are queen,
And marvelous their precious gear:
Their gowns are made of quirks and quirls,
A mass of writhing scrolls and swirls,
With here a line and there a smear.
Their features are not always clear;
One needs a nose, one lacks an ear,
But still we love the giddy girls
In Poster Land.

In their high colored merry sphere
They lead a gay though brief career:
With purple feet, and carmine curls,
And yellow scarfs in gauzy twirls,
A jolly lot the girls appear
In Poster Land.
—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

THE WHITE STONE.

Between Odense and Middelfrat the highway used to pass, years ago, through a wild but fertile region. In the parish of Vissenbjerg it entered an old forest of beech and oak, where the branches so roofed over the road that even in the brightest daylight a traveler found himself in the densest gloom. Deer would spring out through the ferns and raspberry bushes, foxes steal among the blueberry vines, and blackbirds dart back and forth among the thick foliage. For a few minutes at midday a single ray of sunlight found its way through the leaves, and cast a trembling glimmer upon the green moss which lined the wayside, but it would soon pass, and the road be as dark and gloomy as before.

The whole region, and especially this forest, stood in bad repute. No one cared to journey over the Vissenbjerg road at night. Travelers waited until morning, and then hurried through the forest in as large companies as possible. Many were the stories of murder and assault and robbery which had taken place in there. Were these stories true or exaggerated? Who could say? But at any rate they were told, and the people believed them.

At one place the road wound around between two banks. In one of these banks it was said that the highwaymen had dug a cave, where they lay in wait for victims. That no one might escape them a cord was stretched across the way, which sounded a bell in the cave when any one passed.

Toward the village of Skalbjerg the forest became thinner; trees gave place to undergrowth; the landscape showed open fields and plowed land, and was dotted here and there with cottages and farmhouses. Of these latter the largest and finest was that of Terkel Dam. He owned a large part of the Vissenbjerg forest, and had many cattle pasturing on its outskirts, tended by a young girl whose name was Karen.

She was a little, insignificant person, was Karen; thin and ill featured, and she was lame. When the other girls had driven home their cattle in the evening, and came together to sing their gay songs, Karen kept at a distance. She seldom spoke, and seemed to care little for the people around her. And they paid little attention to her. Sometimes of a pleasant summer evening, when they heard a soft mournful song sung out in the forest, the other girls stopped for a moment and listened. "It's the lame Karen singing," said one. Then they went on again. She felt herself in some way inferior to other people, but her desires were few, she was contented, yet she always seemed sad; no one had ever seen her laugh. "It all comes from the day when she fell from the rock and hurt her foot," said the grandmother. "God must have taken away all gladness from her then." But Karen shook her head. Silence and timidity were her nature, and so she liked best to be by herself.

And yet Karen loved her master's son. She, the lowliest of all the servants, a poor lame creature, had dared to love a fine young fellow like Ebbe; Ebbe, who might have any girl he pleased. What presumption! what simple mindedness! In spring she brought him the first flowers that came forth after the snow had gone, in strawberry time a dish of the finest berries always stood by his plate. Ebbe ate them, the others laughed, and Karen said nothing. One day as she placed a dish of the fruit before him on the table and then went away, Terkel smiled and rubbed his hands and looking over his shoulder said: "You two might make a couple. What think you, my son?" Ebbe laughed. "She's faithful and industrious, the little wench, but she limps so," and there the matter dropped.

That year there were rough times out in the forest. Several travelers were held up and robbed, and there was much talk of a horse dealer, who had on his person a large sum of money, and who had not been seen from the time that he started off down the Vissenbjerg road. His friends had searched everywhere and had sent men out into the forest, but in vain; they got no trace of the horse dealer. One day a solitary rider approached the passageway between the banks. Karen lay resting in the bushes not far away. She heard a bell tinkle and then saw three men with heavy cudgels in their hands rush out and cast the rider from his horse. In her excitement she ran hurriedly to the village and told all that she had seen. An alarm was given. The sheriff's deputy gathered together all the strong men of the parish and hastened down the road. They succeeded in capturing two men who had just finished burying the murdered horseman among the bushes. They were two soldiers, recruiters, who for some time had been making trouble and disturbances wherever they had showed themselves in the country round about. The third robber had escaped.

The deputy took Karen to his office. She stood trembling and clutching the folds of her dress as he closely questioned her, having first commanded her, in the name of God and Jesus, to tell the whole truth as to what she had witnessed. But she knew nothing more than she had told at first. "You are sure that there were three men?" Yes, she was sure. "And you were with your cattle, out there by the clearing?" "I had been there since early in the morning." "Now tell me the names of all those whom you had seen go by." She did so. Among them was an old man who had been collecting brushwood by the road. He too was summoned and made to name those whom he had seen go by. They were all brought to the deputy, who went from one to the other, with the girl and old man, remained standing for a moment before each, and asked: "Was this the other robber?" Karen shook her head each time he questioned. At length they stood before her own master, the rich Terkel Dam; he was among those whom the brush gatherer had seen pass, and he had been summoned with the rest. Terkel stood and rattled the cover of his pipe. "Look sharp now and see if you can recognize me," he said with a laugh. But again Karen shook her head, and there was nothing more that the deputy could do.

The two soldiers were afterward tried and sentenced. They were to be taken out to the hill behind the church and there executed. The morning that they were carried through the village Karen stood among the others to watch the executioner's wagon pass. On the way one of the robbers reached down and picked up a great white stone. This he cast in the direction of Terkel Dam's farm gate, calling out so loudly that all could hear:

"By this remember that when my white stone becomes black he shall get his due, who sits there grinning at us." Soon after, when they had come to the hill and he lay with his bare neck upon the block, he laughed and called to the executioner: "Slash carefully with your sword, you wretch, so that you get no nick in it! You'll certainly want to use it again for the murder on Vissenbjerg road." "When will that be?" questioned the judge. "When the little wench there is no longer afraid to tell what she knows," he answered. The sentence was carried out and the people talked about the affair for many a day; but no one could imagine what the poor rascal had had in mind when he cast the white stone toward Terkel's farm.

At Michaelmas Karen was dismissed from service. There was so much talk about her, and the people of the parish charged her with trying to deceive and vex them by claiming that there were three robbers, when in reality there could only have been two. The afternoon that she should go away she stood crying, out in front of the house, a little bundle of clothes under her arm. Ebbe carried out to her a roll of frieze. "You shall have this for your faithful service," he said. "May I kiss your hand for thanks?" she begged. "Where do you think of going?" "That I don't know, and I don't care much if only I may find another herd of cattle to watch and another forest to hide myself in." "Why do you care so much about staying here?" "Because here I can see you," she answered, without lifting her eyes. "You have brought it all upon yourself," he said, "by speaking falsely in regard to the robbers; you said that there were three, when there were only two." Karen stood silent awhile, looking at Ebbe, before she answered; then, "I will tell you how it was: I couldn't name the third because it was—your own father." The farmer's son turned pale. "Let's go into the house," he said, taking Karen by the hand.

It was a little while before supper time; the men hadn't yet come in from their work. Terkel sat alone in the room. He stared at his son and asked why they came together. "We have news for you," said Ebbe. "Karen and I are betrothed." "In that case there will be two to go away," said Terkel; "you'll not live here with me; understand?" "Now wait, will you, and let me tell you how you owe it to her that you are sitting here in this room at the present moment." "What do you mean?" "She did see who the third robber was, down in the Vissenbjerg road, but she wouldn't tell his name." Terkel shrunk back; he fell heavily against the wall, but after a few minutes he lifted himself up and said in a broken voice, "Let everything be as you wish, and now you will take the farm and manage it and the household."

From that evening Terkel left everything to the young couple. He would feed and watch the fowls out in the barnyard, but this was about all he did, and he said little. Every day he went and looked at the white stone by the farm gate, and he would never let it be removed. "I think that it's becoming black, oh, so black!" said he, looking round to see if any one was watching. Then he would wash the dust and mud from the stone, making it white again. But every evening, just before bedtime, Karen would take down the hymnbook and read from it to the old man.

The next summer when the committee went around from farm to farm begging pieces of brass and copper for the new church bell they came in turn to Terkel. He stood and bethought himself. "Why should you go around begging at every house?" said he. "I will give it all." He went into his bedroom and brought out a great bag of money which should be used in purchasing the new bell. The men broke out into exclamations of gratitude and praise for Terkel, but he had turned around to see if Karen had witnessed what he did. Accompanying the committee were the choir boys from the charity school, in white gowns, who stood before each house and sung a verse of some hymn. Before Terkel's they sung a whole hymn. He was deeply moved at his own generosity, but still he noticed that they sung the hymn all through. "They only gave my neighbor one verse. I got four. However, that was a sight of money that I gave for the bell."

Karen stood with her hand in his. She kissed his hand and said: "Father! Father! I believe that God has heard the prayer that I've been praying so long. Now you're certainly upon the right way." "I must hasten to go that way," said he, "and you have helped me, oh, so much!" That evening she filled the whole house with song, and after the lights had been put out and they were gone to bed Ebbe took her hand in his and said: "I don't understand. What a great change has taken place in you! And you are more beautiful than I have ever seen you before." "But yet I limp," she answered.

So time passed. There came good and bad years. Karen did her duty and was a blessing to every one. She was a good, pious, sensible woman, who helped her neighbors, shared what she had with the poor and went every Sunday, no matter what the weather was, up to the Vissenbjerg church.

"That's a household pleasing to the Lord," declared the pastor, and so thought every one. Terkel continued to pay his visits to the white stone; and when he thought that no one was looking he would wipe it off with great care. But he was growing old; once a corpulent man, he had now become thin; he was bowed over; and it was with great difficulty that he could climb up the stairs to his chamber.

One evening he came in looking very happy. "Today they have finished hanging the new bell up in the church. Every time that it swings now it will ring out to God for me." From the beginning of early spring he had to keep to his bed. When the leaves began to turn yellow and fall he whispered to himself, "I've lain here and watched the swallows out of my windows a whole summer through; a last summer, I guess." Karen nursed him and scarcely left his bedside.

One evening as she came in with a bowl of gruel he lay gasping for breath and could hardly speak so that one could understand him. "The white stone out there will soon become black," he was mumbling. Karen bent down over him; she spoke gently, but no one could have heard what she said. At first the old man shook his head; then he shut his eyes and would not answer. She made him fold his hands while she sung softly a hymn of which he was very fond. Then suddenly she burst into tears, lifted his arms around her neck, and whispered: "May I? Say yes, oh, say yes!" He shook his head; but she begged again, more earnestly than before she kneeled down by the bed, not letting go his hand. "You shall not speak about it again," he gasped. "I said no, and it must be as I said."

She sat there discouraged, with bowed head. Out of doors the wind was blowing the leaves from the trees and whirling them about in great flocks. Terkel looked up. Karen sat at the foot of the bed, her hands folded over the hymn book. "Talk to me a little," he whispered "you sit there so silent and never say a word." "You won't listen to what I say." "Yes I will but you want what can't be. How does it concern the people what took place down there on the Vissenbjerg road? I must confess my sins before the Lord will forgive me you say, but I'll lose the respect and esteem of the whole parish. What will people say when I come out among them again? for I can live a little while longer, I should think." She didn't answer; the tears were trickling down her cheeks. "Are you angry?" he asked after a few moments. "Talk to me; I can't bear that you should sit there and not speak"—but she interrupted him, "Must it be so? In our Lord Jesus' name, do what is right, what is best!"

A long time passed before he laid his fumbling hand on her head and said: "It shall be as you wish; it shall be so." She gave a cry of joy, ran out of the room and directed that a messenger be sent at once to the village for the pastor; she herself would follow with the wagon to fetch him.

It became evening, and it was late and dark before they returned. In the chamber there three great candles had been lit before Terkel's bed. He lay, twisting his thumbs, and talking to himself, without regarding what went on about him. Once he opened his eyes, looked around and whispered: "Let some one be sent to the church—I want the new bell rung—my bell. Listen! now it's ringing, to God, for me—he can hear it, can God—it's for me—for me alone—for I bought it! Will she come soon with the man?"

It was just about bedtime when the dogs began to bark and the wagon rolled into the farmyard. Karen followed the pastor up into Terkel's chamber. Ebbe would accompany them, but she pushed him gently back. What took place there in the sick man's room no human being besides those three ever knew. The people outside heard a voice which was slow and solemn, and one which was soft and pleading, and then they could distinguish whimpering and sobbing sounds. Afterward it became still, and it seemed as though there was no life in there—and indeed death was present.

"How is he now?" questioned Ebbe, as Karen at length opened the door to let the pastor out. "He's better now than he's been in a long time," answered the pastor, "for now he's dead, gone to sleep in God's name. A great sinner lies in there; but the one who has wished him well and watched and prayed and delivered a soul from the error of its ways, that one is Karen, your good wife; blessed shall she be therefor in the sight of God and men!"

The stone out by the farm gate lay there for many a year. Every spring, at Whitsuntide, they gave it a coat of whitewash and took good care that it was always white and free from spots. —Translated From the Danish For Short Stories.

Curious Engineering Blunder.

A curious defect has been discovered in Budapest's underground railway. There are not enough ventilating apertures in the tunnel, and the trains rushing through it compress the air in it like that in the tube of a Zalinski pneumatic gun. On some occasions the cars have been lifted from the track, and the passengers have been almost suffocated. One stretch of tunnel two miles long has only a single ventilating aperture, making it almost an airtight compartment. Any constructing engineer ought to have known what would be the result of such pneumatic conditions.

Demonstrative.

Isabel—How did Mr. Huggins strike you?

Inez—He threw his love at my feet. —Yonkers Statesman.

HIS $50,000 A YEAR.

HOW A YOUNG NEW YORKER SQUANDERS THAT AMOUNT.

He Does It With Comparative Ease and Has Nothing to Show For It—He Has Many Friends, but They Will Last Only While His Check Is Good.

How to live on $50,000 a year seems simple enough—cruelly and sarcastically simple to the thousands of toilers who are now living on $8 a week and newspaper tables d'hotes, but how to live on $50,000 a year and have nothing to show for it at the end of the 12 months except a tangled retrospection and a nine months' refusal on a little hollow chested grave in a quiet corner of a lovely cemetery is another question—a question which, it is safe to presume, would keep Bute Smashmore and other biscuit brewing scientists guessing for a long time. But it can be done, and is being done today right here in New York city, by a round faced, boyish looking young man who has been spending $50,000 a year for the last 23 months, and who has succeeded so well that he has not even a pair of bicycle stockings or a golf stick to show for his investment.

Fifty thousand dollars annually is a pretty snug sum. It is what the Vanderbilts pay Chauncey M. Depew for governing their enormous railroad interests, and it is the amount that Uncle Sam gives each year to the president of the United States for running this republic. Both Dr. Depew and President Cleveland have managed on their salary to lay up a little for a rainy day, and they have lived reasonably well besides. But this young man, who scrapes along on half a hundred thousand each year, has not put one talent in a napkin, and from the viewpoint of the ordinary citizen he has not lived so very well either.

His income is something more than $136 a day, and the sun never goes down—or rises, rather, for he does not retire until other people are getting up—when he has not spent it all, or near enough, so that he can readily catch up the next day. It is not such a difficult thing as it would appear at first sight either—not when you know how.

His 23 months' apprenticeship has made him terribly proficient. He began reaping that which he did not sow upon the death of a relative who left a fortune large enough to make a perceptible cavity in the national debt if he had chosen to apply it for that purpose. The young man, however, is making a hole in it rapidly, and he hasn't even any one to censure him.

His first step in his efforts to live up to his income was to get bachelor apartments in a swagger building in the Tenderloin. For those he pays $1,200 a year rent and probably $100 or more for light and water. The chief item of furniture in this apartment is his valet, which costs him $60 a month, or, allowing for what the man can borrow when his master is not looking, $100 monthly.

At this rate it can readily be seen that he would fall far short of fulfilling his mission, but that is only the cornerstone. He has a stit of rooms in a big up town hotel for which he pays $300 a month, and in order to help along he fails to appear at either the bachelor apartments or the hotel about three times a week and spends between $20 and $30 for his forgetfulness. He does not keep a stable, because he can get rid of more money and with less trouble by patronizing liveries and cabs. His livery bill for January and February was $2,500. With these excellent opportunities for filling a pauper's grave he is not content, and so he has called to his aid that noblest spender of them all, the soubrette. Not a night goes by that he does not send a bouquet costing from $10 to $50, according to his caprice. That item of flowers alone stood him $3,000 last year.

After the theater there is a dinner, at which he is invariably the host, and sometimes the soubrette and a few of her friends are his guests, and sometimes the entire company of which she is a member. The check rarely falls short of $25, and is never less than $15, so that with her assistance and the assistance of her friends he gets on very nicely.

It is a hard, fast pace this young man has to go to spend $50,000 a year, with his limited resources, and it requires many stimulants. In the haggard green of the dawn he goes home—or gets home somehow—and sleeps the sleep of the heavyheaded until 11 o'clock a. m. Then he awakens, or rather opens his eyes. The awakening process is accomplished by aid of a stone jug, which his man invariably places at the young man's bedside each morning. The little jug holds the best quality of rye whisky that is distilled, and it requires between 10 and 12 long pulls at the jug before he is in training and fit to begin the day's programme.

At noon he gets dressed and breakfasts at the Waldorf, Delmonico's or the St. James. Then there is an hour for meditation, in which he endeavors feebly to recall the engagements of the night before. Generally, they consist of a drive in the park, with frequent tarryings at McGowan's Pass tavern and the Casino, where the gloom of the morning is dispelled in the bubbling and sparkling cheer of the afternoon.

By 7 o'clock he is ready to dine again, and sometimes, even at this stage of the game, the undivided attention of his valet is needed to get him dressed. After dinner, which, as is the case with the one which follows the theater, he seldom fails to settle for, he goes to the theater and the usual performance is repeated, with occasional variations.

He numbers many friends in his assets to be sure, faithful clinging friends, who will desert him the moment his bankers send word that he has overdrawn. But he spends $50,000 a year, and they are all he has to show for it.—New York Press.

RESTING POSTURES.

The Different Attitudes That Are Assumed by Different Peoples.

For us Europeans the attitude of repose is sitting or lying down, and we are apt to believe that there can be no others. Nevertheless numerous races rest with crossed legs like our tailors; others kneel, and still others crouch down. So far as we know, no work has been written on this subject. Nevertheless it is important to understand these different attitudes and to see under what influences they vary. We may thus avoid the error of representing savages seated or lying down like Europeans—an error that was committed at an anthropologic exhibtion at Prague, where plaster models of Hottentots and Zulus were shown seated in postures that real Hottentots never assume. Photographs of these impossible groups were sent to numerous anthropological societies. Primitive savages crouch down, while their women kneel. The crouching posture, fatiguing for us, is so natural to them that they can sleep in that position. The low caste Hindoos sleep thus, and in the Trocadero museum an ancient terra cotta figure shows a crouching Peruvian with closed eyes and head inclined. A certain degree of civilization brings the position with legs crossed as with our tailors, with many variants, and a higher civilization causes the chair to be adopted. But at first the sitter does not place himself squarely, with both legs hanging. He raises one and keeps it on the seat.

Thus the classic attitude of the negro is the crouching one, and that of the negress the kneeling. As for their children, they generally kneel like their mothers, but rarely crouch. Exceptionally, negroes can be seen sitting cross legged. But the fetich worshiping negro, far from contact with the white, crouches, though in divers fashions. In different places (Guinea, Kongo, sources of the Nile) they make use of supports 20 to 30 centimeters (7 to 11 inches) high, cut from a piece of wood and of variable form, according to the country. Sometimes (in Guinea) it is a round stick supported by a single massive central foot or by three and even four feet. At other times (on the Kongo) it is a square whose sides, raised at right and left, are upborne by four cylindrical legs.

In the upper Nile regions (Dinkas and Nouers) the seats have four feet, those of the lake regions have three; others, lower, have only two large ones on the sides. The seats of chiefs are higher and have supports carved to represent human figures. But in certain localities, in more direct contact with Europeans, the chiefs sit on chairs, generally of European make. The Polynesians have a very different posture of repose. They do not crouch, but sit with crossed legs. The same custom exists in all the Polynesian islands, Hawaii, New Zealand, etc.

Let us now examine the white races of Europe and America who sit when they rest. The crosslegged attitude exists no longer except among tailors. Crouching causes fatigue and is resorted to only when it is desired to pick up or gather something. Even when the white man finds no seat he sits on the ground with legs outstretched or half bent, as is shown very frequently in photographs of Russian or Roumanian peasants. We should note, however, among the women great facility in kneeling at work, as when they are washing linen.

The Semites have a custom opposed to ours; they make no use of chairs. In Mussulman countries the most customary position is that called Turkish, with crossed legs like our tailors. Sometimes we may see Arabs resting with their backs against a wall, the legs half bent, in an attitude which is not crouching, but which approaches it. In Turkey and Persia the favorite position is that of kneeling. In the Persian salons the invited guests who know the correct thing place themselves on their knees against the wall. The tailor attitude, which both men and women assume, is regarded as uncivil. Chairs are little used, even among the rich; when they are employed one leg is placed on the seat, Turkish fashion, while the other hangs down; or, yet again, with one hand they hold one foot, as is done in the far east. Crouching is exceptional. In Egypt the fellahs retain the four postures of their ancestors, the kneeling, the sitting, the crosslegged and the sitting upon the ground with legs joined. All four date from the eighteenth dynasty.—Revue Encyclopedique.

Some Idioms.

A writer in The Chautauquan says that many "Cracker" idioms of the south are simply obsolete English idioms. "Fielding, for instance," he says, "makes a very near approach to the crackerism 'He allowed he'd do it' in such a passage as this: 'The audience allowed I did your part justice;' and when Burke complains that 'England is disfurnished of its forces' he is using almost the exact phraseology of my Cracker neighbor, who has come to borrow a peck of meal and politely hopes that I am not 'disfurnishing' myself for his accommodation. Ill is still occasionally heard, even among the better class of rustics, in the piny woods of Georgia and Alabama in its Shakespearean sense of dangerous or wicked, as 'The copperhead is an ill snake,' or 'Johnny is very ill,' that is, naughty, 'boy this morning.' I am told by a friend from Kentucky that the same usage, though rare, is not unknown among the same class in that state. To 'favor,' meaning to resemble, as 'He favors his father,' was good English in the days of Addison and Shakespeare, and its derivative, ill favored, is still current."

Butter Test.

To detect oleomargarine from genuine butter a small portion of each is melted in proper receptacles, in which common cotton wicks are inserted and lighted. These will burn freely. The odor of the smoke arising from the oleomargarine is repulsive and nauseating, while that from the butter is faint and inoffensive.

The Corpulent Hamlet.

Few passages have caused more comment than the words of the queen in the fencing scene that Hamlet is "fat and scant of breath." For this Mr. Tree proposes to read "faint and scant of breath." Mr Tree is not the first to make the suggestion. It originated with Mr H. Wyeth of Winchester, who proposed it to Dr. Ingleby, who in turn communicated it as a fine reading to Mr. Aldis Wright, who, on March 9, 1867, gave it publicity in Notes and Queries. The supposition was held on the authority of Roberts, the player, that Lowin, who was known to have acted Falstaff and King Henry VIII and might consequently have been supposed to be inclined to corpulence, was the original Hamlet. In this case the use of the word "fat" would be justified and explained.

More recent evidence shows, however, the extreme probability that Burbadge was the first Hamlet. Burbadge himself was also stout, and might thus have justified the employment of the word. Mr. Sydney Lee, in "Dictionary of National Biography," favors the notion that "faint" should be read for "fat." Plahwe, in his "Hamlet, Prinz von Dannemark," would substitute "hot," and quotes an earlier line of the King speaking of having a chalice prepared for the combatants when they are "hot and dry." To all this I only answer that "fat" is the reading of all the folios and quartos. The safe and sensible rule at length adopted in Shakespearean criticism is that when a sentence has a distinct and conceivable meaning it is not to be disturbed by conjecture. "Fat" is intelligible enough, and must be left as it stands. It is, moreover, I venture to think, the very word that Shakespeare intentionally used, and is better and more appropriate than all suggested substitutes.—Gentleman's Magazine.

How a Shawl Was Smoothed Out.

A brown faced, black eyed Bedouin matron, in a long, loose robe of blue linen, came forward to greet us, and in her lap were a heap of cucumbers, onions and melons. Like Abigail, she brought gifts. She was the wife of Ali Dial, a woman 35 or 40 years of age, clean, genial and "wiselike." She stroked my wife's chin several times and kissed her repeatedly. She was unveiled and spoke freely to myself. Apologizing for her husband's absence, she gave us an invitation to a feast that same evening. We begged to be allowed to postpone it till tomorrow. "We are Nazarenes," I said, "and this is the day of our Lord." I cannot tell whether she understood, but she smiled prettily and granted our request. She would send messengers for us at the proper hour. And so she mounted her ass and rode away. The honest freedom of this woman was very singular in that Moslem world, but it was not the only proof we found among the Bedouins of how much the laws of Mohammed have spoiled the old Arabian manners.

When she had gone, a difficulty arose. We had not expected to be entertained by Arabs and had brought no gifts with us. We could afterward send a robe from Jerusalem to the young chief, but we had no present for our hostess. My wife had brought a good new shawl from London, but it was creased and furrowed. What was to be done? We remembered Yusuf. He had been engaged as a cook, but his great weight—a good 16 stone—suggested a mangle. We explained our plan, pointed out that it was compatible with the smoking of unlimited cigarettes, and he joyfully agreed. Next day, while we were off on an expedition, he carefully dampened and folded the shawl, laid it between two camp beds and lolled and rolled over it all the afternoon.—Good Words.

Spies In Society.

There is no gayer or more brilliant society in Europe than that at St. Petersburg. It is less difficult of access to foreigners than London or Paris society, simply because hostesses implicitly rely upon their friends of both sexes not to introduce into their salons any but persons of irreproachable character.

St. Petersburg is a hotbed of gossip. The Russian lady is so clever that she does not require any details of a story. She guesses at these, and, if necessary, supplies them—in other words, invents them. The one word which that guileless official has let drop—which she has "surprised on his lips"—serves her as the key to the mystery; the rest is easy. Of course she only communicates these state secrets to her most intimate friends, who themselves are sworn to secrecy, but she has so many friends of both sexes that in an incredibly short space of time the important morsel of gossip is literally all over St. Petersburg.

To the foreign embassadors she is more valuable than a legion of spies. These persons are assiduous visitors to the leading salons, where, as may be supposed, they pick up quite as much as they want to know, and thus are often better informed than the emperor's minister of foreign affairs himself.

There is a mad race among the fair leaders of the grand monde to attract the largest number of diplomatists and great personages in their drawing rooms. Thus it happens that the younger men, if not excluded from the salons which they would so adorn but for this political craze, are not often seen in the principal houses.—St. Petersburg Letter.

Waller Scared Them.

The Methodist Times of London says: "We learn on high authority that when the list of the members of the royal commission on liquor trade was being prepared it was proposed by the government to have not only the bishop of London, but Cardinal Vaughan and the bishop of Chester, on it. On hearing this two Methodist members of parliament intimated to her majesty's advisers that they would move the addition of the president of the Wesleyan conference. Ministers were so terrified at the prospect of having Dr. Waller on the commission that they promptly dropped the cardinal and the bishop."

THE CITIZEN.

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Single Copies.....05

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

Official Newspaper of the A. O. H. of Illinois and the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, JUNE 20, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"The Gay Parisians."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Lost, Strayed or Stolen."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Ada Rehan.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Mikado."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

IRISH REBELS VERSUS IRISH BODAGHS.*

We have been told by Irishmen resident in America, who have recently visited Ireland, that the national spirit of the people, among the farmers especially, has declined, and that this is due to the various land bills which have given a large number of that class whole or part ownership of the soil. This would bear out the theory of Froude and Macaulay, "Make the Irishman contented with his lot in Ireland, and he will be loyal to the British connection." In other words, bribe the Irishman with an acre or two of bog and he will desert the cause of God, country and liberty. Surely, no greater insult than such a supposition could be offered to a race that beyond any other of which history makes record, has been tenacious of its nationality. It may be that the best, the noblest blood of Ireland was shed in battling for independence, in the wars of France, or in those of America, and that those who remain in Ireland are of the tamer breed, who bent the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning, but we do not believe it. Of course, Ireland's best and bravest, with some honorable exceptions, have, for centuries, sought fame and fortune in lands which British rule has not blighted, but they were of the same blood as those who remain behind, and every generation of Irishmen has furnished its proportion of men, and women too, prepared to dare, to do and to suffer for the cause. So, too, in each generation have there been knaves and slaves and dastards, devoted to pelf, and, like pigs, contented with their lot if only allowed to feed on the contents of the British political swill barrel. But, after all, the nobler element must predominate, and we find this view borne out by Mr. John O'Leary, one of the old Irish Republican triumvirs, in his "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism," published in the Dublin Weekly Independent, of the 6th inst. Referring to the Rotunda riots—when the Irish Republicans of Dublin refused to hear A. M. Sullivan and the O'Donoghue in 1864—Mr. O'Leary says:

"But enough about these Rotunda meetings. They made a great noise at the time, and much angry controversy arose out of them. But all that concerns us but little just now. Their main significance lay in the fact that they showed the strength of the Fenian element in Dublin. Not that I at all know that the thousands who thronged the streets on the day of the second meeting were Fenians, but largely Fenians they must have been, and in entire sympathy with Fenian objects, in so far as they understood them, they clearly showed themselves to be. Indeed, from this time forward the weight of opinion in favor of Fenianism seemed to be constantly growing, or, rather, it was perhaps that Fenianism was getting better known, for it is the experience of what is now a pretty long life with me that the Fenian spirit is ever present in Ireland, and needs at any time but a little organization to make it burst into renewed activity. We hear constantly of the diminution of dissatisfaction in Ireland, and, even of late we have been hearing of the growth of affection, but all that is very idle talk. Dissaffected we have been, disaffected we are, and disaffected we shall remain, till the English let go their grip of us.

"Anyway, at the time of which I speak, disaffection was deepening day by day, hopes were growing high, and everything so far had gone well, save that still, as all along up to this, the progress of the organization was much impeded by the absence of the powerful sinews of war. Happily, however, about the time to which I have now come, or shortly after, things began to improve financially also, and, as I have mentioned at the earlier stage of my narrative, it was during the existence of the Irish People, that by far the largest part—never, however, large—of the American fund, flowed in upon the exchequer."

Mr. O'Leary's conception of the popular feeling is our memory of the sentiments of the Irish people. There were always, among the "big farmers" and the "strong shopkeepers," a gang of soulless bodaghs, whose maternal ancestors came in too close contact with Cromwell's Ironsides and William's troopers, and who retained "the bad drop" in them through several generations. Those creatures were always fawningly "loyal" to England, and some of their seed have found their way even to this country, and carry with them all the meanness, cowardice and flunkeyism of their degraded ancestors. Yes, there always were bodaghs in Ireland, Queen's bodaghs, ready to fight against their country for pay, and equally ready to desert the Catholic faith, in order to become "half sirs," if they did not, in their craven souls, fear that the penalty of apostacy might be damnation. But the masses of the Irish people were never base. They might be, for the moment, morally cowed by those in whom they too often trusted only to be victimized. They might, for a day, or a month, or a year, be unjust and uncharitable to those who sought to lead them out of the land of bondage. They might even, for a period, despair of success and fall into senseless apathy, but, at heart, they were ever true, and, we believe, they still are true to the cause of nationality and liberty. Neither the gates of hell, nor the wiles of the bodaghs can prevail against their spirit. It may slumber, but it will never die. "Generation transmits to generation the holy passion that pants for liberty that chafes against oppression." Aye, that is our belief. A stalled, contented Ireland would be a base spectacle—one that no Irishman who has a soul could contemplate with patience. We do not believe that the masses of the Irish people can ever be bribed into a condition of dastardly servitude, simply because they may hold a portion of their own soil by the reluctant favor of the robber who first stole it from their sires. No, we cannot believe that the greed of the Irish bodagh can destroy the heroic impulse of the Irish rebel.

*Pronounced "buddoch," with the accent on first "d."

OPIE READ ON BUFFALO BILL.

In the Chicago Evening Post of last Saturday, Mr. Opie Read, the distinguished author, took occasion to do justice to Col. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), who, for many years, despite his distinguished services on the frontier, was quite unappreciated by the press of this city. We remember a time when he was even treated with contumely, and, no longer ago than 1880, Col. Cody said to us in St. Louis, "You are about the only Chicago newspaper man who has been just to me." Now, however, all this is changed. The Buffalo Bill who started the first Wild West with Texas Jack and Wild Bill, has developed into the chief proprietor of the greatest equestrian exhibition that the world has beheld. His gallant record as scout and plainsman has had the attestation of the most brilliant generals and other officers of the United States army, and he has succeeded in making the Sioux war-whoop ring by the Thames, the Liffey, the Seine, the Spree, the Danube and the Tiber. But Mr. Read's observations on Col. Cody's career are, although brief, the best we have read, and we give them with pleasure as follows:

"If man's greatest study is man, of what worth has Buffalo Bill been to the student? Strip him of romance, of history, and regard him simply as a collector of the human species, and then note the distance he advances beyond any 'showman.' When Barnum gathered wild beasts from the dark corners of the earth wise men applauded, for they declared that he had brought home to every child the truth of natural history.

"And what has Buffalo Bill done? He has opened a great school of anthropology, and not only wisdom but royalty has been forced to applaud. Surely his entertainment is the greatest that the world has seen and could it have been possible in the vigor days of Rome, had this mammoth play been enacted in the neighborhood of the eternal city, the school boy of all nations would to-day translate its wonders into his mother tongue. Morse made the two worlds touch the tips of their fingers together. Cody has made the warriors of all nations join hands. Who but this man has conceived so fantastic a play? In one act we see the Indian, with his origin shrouded in history's mysterious fog, the cowboy—nervestrung product of the new world—the American soldier, the dark Mexican, the glittering trooper of Germany, the dashing cavalryman of France, the impulsive Irish dragoon and that strange, swift spirit from the plains of Russia—the Cossack. Marvelous theatric display, a drama with scarcely a word—Europe, Asia, Africa, America in panoramic whirl and yet as individualized as if they had never left their own country.

"Buffalo Bill has taught the knowing old world a lesson. It was a bold thing to undertake, but this man from the west did it. There often arises a man who makes the world think, but how few have made the world stare. In the years to come, when Cody has passed away, hundreds of imitators will arise to scramble and to strive for a semblance of his marvellous force, but he cannot be approached, for history has marked him as one of her children. Columbus discovered America. The centuries rolled one upon another and a man from the western plains completed the the discoverer's work—brought a band of Indians to Rome." OPIE READ.

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS' PICNIC.

The twenty-first annual military picnic and midsummer night's festival of the famous Clan-na-Gael Guards will be given at Oswald's Grove, Fifty-second and Halsted streets, on July 4, and all arrangements have been completed for the purpose of making it a splendid success. Both the first and second battalions of the gallant Guards are interested in the event, and certainly no finer body of men, and no more patriotic, ever wore Irish uniforms. In addition to music, which will be furnished by Prof. T. F. Kennedy and Mr. Barney Delaney, dancing and a variety of athletic games, for which prizes are offered, addresses will be delivered by the Hon. M. V. Gannon, Hon. M. J. Keane and Senator Joseph P. Mahony, who will preside on the occasion. All patriotic Irish-American citizens of Chicago should stand generously by the Clan-na-Gael Guards, which is the representative independent military organization of the race in this city, and which has been brought to a high state of efficiency by its former commander, Maj. Buckley, and its present regimental head, Col. J. J. Reilly.

ENGLISH CONTEMPT FOR AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

The average Englishman doesn't care a continental cent, or less, for the presumed "dignity of American citizenship." In fact, he regards it as a huge joke. America is, to him, a fake. He cannot be made to believe that Chicago is nearly a thousand miles north-west of New York, and that San Francisco is, by most railroads, two thousand five hundred miles west of Chicago. We know a gentleman in this city who revisited his native land some years ago, and, when in Liverpool, went to a barber shop to get shaved. While "waiting his turn," he got into conversation with an English gentleman who was also waiting to be operated on. Incidentally, the question as to which was the greater country, America or England, came up. Our Chicago friend, of course, gave the palm to the United States. When it came to his turn to be shaved, he stepped to the chair but the boss barber said, "Excuse me, but you cawn't get shaved 'ere!" Our friend asked, in astonishment, "Why not?" "Because" answered John Bull, with a savage scowl, "any bloke what says America's a better country nor h'old h'England cawn't get shaved 'ere. That's h'all!" "But," insisted our friend, "I have been myself a British subject, and am competent to judge by contrast." "Don't care a d——!" replied the Englishman fiercely. "Your 'avin' been h'a subject of 'er majesty makes h'it h'all the worse. You cawn't be shaved 'ere, h'I tell you." "Go to——and shake yourself," cried the Chicagoan, as he banged the door after him.

We are not, therefore, surprised to find in a British paper the following report of a London police proceeding:

On Monday, at the Bethnal Green Coroner's court, just previous to the holding of an inquest by Dr. Wynn Westcott, a gentleman who had been summoned to attend as a juror said he objected to serve as he was not liable.

The Coroner—But you are here. Yes, but I am an American citizen.

The Corner—You live in Bethnal Green. But I do not live here. I have enough money to live without it.

The Coroner—But you must live somewhere. I tell you I am an American citizen.

The Coroner—I can't help that. You are here in answer to my summons.

The Coroner's officer—He says if you make him serve he will report you to the American Consul.

The Coroner—He may do so if he likes.

The Juror—I shall do so. I am an American Citizen.

The Coroner—I have no time to waste. You can do one of two things. You can serve on the jury, or you can pay a fine of 40s; now take your choice.

The Juror—Oh, I'll serve, I'll serve.

The inquiry was about to proceed when the coroner noticed a juror who had attended the court dressed in a brewer's smock and an apron. Addressing him the coroner said:

What do you mean, sir, by coming here to a court of justice in that dress?

The Juror—I have no other; that's why.

The Coroner—A very good excuse. You don't wear those clothes on Sundays, do you?

The Juror—Oh, no.

The Coroner—I thought so. Well, if you can dress respectably to go out on Sunday for your own pleasure you can dress respectably to come to my court.

The Juror—We don't get paid for it.

The Coroner—Go away. I shall not allow you to serve as your are. (To his officer)—Summon that man in a month's time.

The American Citizen—He can go and I can't.

The Coroner—You could have gone on the condition I offered you.

All the comment we have to make on the foregoing is that if the juror had been an Irishman he would have sold the coat off his back rather than serve on that jury. The Coroner who objected to a smock frock and apron ought to have some experience in this city. Our Coroner's jurymen are expected to sit on each case attired in dress suits and black neckties.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

As was anticipated, some of the representatives from the silver states on the platform and resolutions committee of the Republican National convention, declared their intention to bolt on Wednesday, when the vote in favor of the gold standard prevailed by 40 to 11. The bolting Republicans are Senator Teller, of Colorado; Senator Dubois, of Idaho; Charles S. Hartman, of Montana; A. C. Cleveland of Nevada and Frank J. Cannon, of Utah. At the hour of going to press, there seemed to be no reasonable doubt of the nomination of the Hon. William McKinley for President, with, probably, Hobart, of New Jersey, for Vice-President.

AMNESTY MEETING AT BATTERY D.

It has been determined by the United Irish societies of Chicago to hold a great amnesty mass meeting at Battery D. on Saturday evening, June 27. All of our readers must be acquainted with the sad fact that, for fifteen years at least, several American citizens, of Irish birth or parentage, have been confined in British penitentiaries for alleged attempts to blow up public buildings in London and elsewhere in Great Britain. All of these were convicted on the evidence either of professional detectives or paid government spies, and, in most cases, they were sentenced for life. None of the men were given the privilege of a jury comprised one half of foreigners, and, consequently, they had no chance of escape. It is not too much to say, that in hardly any case was the evidence conclusive as to their guilt. It was not, at any rate, such evidence as an American jury would accept as infallible. But, leaving out that aspect of the case entirely, humanity shudders at the thought of these men sentenced to a living death. Not a single English man, woman or child was fatally injured by the London explosions. We believe some light plaster fell on a few sight seers when an old powder flask, or something of the kind, was "flashed" in the tower of London for the purpose of affrighting the nervous Englishery about the Thames embankment, but that was the extent of the damage. It was not proven that the prisoners now suffering were connected with that particular "demonstration" or any other. But, even if they were, we ask any humane person, English or otherwise, have they not been punished enough? Some have gone blind, some have gone imbecile, some court the company of the vilest vermin—so terrible and crushing is their condition of hopeless loneliness. Imagine a man of intellect glad to have the company even of a rat, or a spider, in his living grave!

Many prominent citizens have been invited to speak at the gathering, including the governor, the mayor of Chicago, both senators and some congressmen. All indications point to a demonstration worthy of the cause and the occasion.

FRENCH SYMPATHY WITH IRELAND.

M. Lucien Millevoye, an influential and very able French journalist, is one of the warmest friends of Irish independence, and allows no opportunity to slip by of giving expression to his friendly sentiments. In a recent article published in La Patrie, Paris, M. Millevoye, in commenting on the celebration of the one hundred and fifty-first anniversary of the battle of Fontenoy in New York city, last May, says, in part:

"Will the day come when from the depths of the bloody abyss, that decimated nation, which for us is a sister-nation and a companion in history and in glory, will rise up and call us to her aid? Will we once more hear upon another field of battle in Europe the loud war-cry, 'Remember Limerick!' Aye, remember it, and remember the torn-down cottages, confiscated rights, outrages and famines, murders by the rope and murders by starvation!

"Will that all-repairing sun shine in the heavens, that sun which in truth can be God's only when it shall cease to illuminate the impious triumphs of violence without excuse over weakness without defense, when it shall become beneficent to the victims of force, and in the furrows of historic fields bring about the germination of the seeds of liberty?

"On both sides of the Atlantic twenty million souls, including the oppressed and the banished, constantly and eagerly watch for that glorious aurora; and this is what fully explains these words, so touching in their simplicity, which we find in an American journal, the Irish Republic: 'On the occasion of the anniversary of Fontenoy, Capt. Harte will drill the boys for two or three hours.' Mark it well. It is the lesson of a soldier, and teaches the duty of dying for an unhappy country.

"No similar instruction has been recommended for the teachers in France to perpetuate the tradition of a victory won by French arms. To this omission we call the attention of the Grand Master of our university and of the council of public instruction. For a nation that can raise four millions of men for its defense it is not enough to learn orthography and arithmetic. If the four rules are necessary to make commercials, the fifth is indispensable to the creation of soldiers. And the fifth rule is the spirit of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation; it is the *potius mori quam fedari*. That is what renders the victors invincible and the defeated unconquered.

"The worship of the past is not a vain consolation or an empty pride. Every sincere admiration is an effort of imitation. If England and Germany endeavor to engrave upon the minds of their people their Waterloo and their Sedan, we should encourage our people to recommence Fontenoy and Valmy.

"The nobility of nations, like that of families, lies in a title which is transmitted more by pride than by antiquity, and marks with the stamp of degeneracy the souls that are too weak to support the weight of that grandeur.

"Hail to the veterans of history! for they judge us better than we judge them. Even when unknown they can never be anonymous. They call themselves by some illustrious name written with the sword upon pages that no human hand can ever have the power to destroy. It is a splendid thing for an army to be able in history to say to posterity: 'I am Fontenoy!' Try to be something like me, for in truth what you are today is nothing."

SEVENTH REGIMENT.

The military picnic of the Seventh regiment, National Guard of Illinois, (Hibernian Rifles), will be held at Ogden's Grove on July 4, and promises to be a highly successful entertainment. It will make glad the hearts of our readers to know that since the election of Col. Marcus Kavanaugh to the chief command, the Seventh has been filling up its ranks with bright, active young men, who are a credit to the military service of the state. One feature particularly is noticeable in the make up of the Seventh—the men have a campaign air about them, on the march, which gives them the appearance of United States troops. They have no suggestion of the militia in their make up. It is an admitted fact that no race of men become soldiers of effect more rapidly than the Irish. They are naturally martial, and, under firm but kindly officers, make first-class soldiers—fully equal to the elite of the world's armies. But all such bodies need the public support, and we hope the gallant Seventh will have no cause to complain of lack of attendance at their Twenty-first annual picnic.

AMONG the young ladies of Chicago who graduated at St. Mary's academy, South Bend, Ind., on Wednesday, were Miss Margaret Barry, daughter of the Hon. and Mrs. P. T. Barry; Miss M. Garrity and Miss S. Smyth.

THE Hon. Thomas A. Moran, of Chicago, delivered the address at Notre Dame University, Indiana, on Wednesday. His subject was "University Education," and he disposed of it in a masterly manner, which evoked enthusiastic applause.

MR. JOSEPH RAPHAEL FAHY, of Philadelphia, and Miss Mildred Webb, of this city, were married at St. Elizabeth's church on Wednesday morning, the Rev. E. A. Kelly officiating. There was nuptial high mass, at which a large number of the relatives and friends of the contracting parties were present. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Ella Webb, and the groom by Mr. Charles Meyer, of Philadelphia.

THE marriage of Miss Nellie Marie Robinson to Mr. Thomas J. McGrath was celebrated at St. Patrick's church Wednesday evening. A reception at No. 129 W. Congress street followed the ceremony.

THE thirteenth annual graduating exercises of St. Patrick's academy for girls, Park and Oakley avenues, was held on Wednesday. Miss Florence Sawyer, Miss N. Pigott and Miss Nellie Hayes graduated. Several medals of merit were distributed to other pupils.

A MEETING of the Central Council of the Irish National Alliance, St. Louis, Mo., was held at its hall in that city on the 13th inst. President A. Hoolan occupied the chair. There was a large attendance of members and their friends. An address was delivered by Mr. John P. Sutton, who spoke eloquently on the duty of Irish-Americans to the cause of their native land. Speeches were also made by Dr. C. Maloney and Brother P. N. Fitzgibbon. An appropriation of $25 was made for the sufferers by the cyclone.

THE members of the committees having in charge the Irish booth at the Bazaar of Nations recently held in Milwaukee, are to be congratulated on the excellent results obtained. The proceeds of none of the booths were up to expectations, the street railway strike preventing the public from attending. At the German booth the proceeds were $2,300, at the Irish $950. Considering the relative smallness of the Irish population of the city, it may be unreservedly stated that the results at the Irish booth far surpassed those of any other nation.—*Catholic Citizen.*

UP to date the Ancient Order of Hibernians has raised $12,276.25 for the Celtic chair in the Catholic University at Washington.

FOLLOWING are the officers elected by the Review club to preside over its festivities and deliberations during the ensuing year. G. J. Corey, president; J. P. Byrne, first vice-president; Gen. John McNulta, second vice-president; A. H. Revell, third vice-president; A. A. Dewey, secretary; Charles H. McDonald, treasurer; E. B. Crossley, A. Weygant, C. M. Upton, C. W. Dickerson, Jules Girardin, George L. Lavery, C. L. Rising, E. H. Peters, Charles A. Stevens, C. A. Russ, Thomas Kimball, D. S. Foote, directors. The club now has 800 members, 260 regulars who subscribe for the daily luncheons of the club at Kinsley's, and 540 associate members, who are entitled to attend the Wednesday special luncheons and all banquets.

REYNOLDS' Newspaper has been giving Wally Astor "fits" for his flunkeyism in regard to the Prince of Wales. The honest English Republican sneers very justly at the "American Democrat's" idea of human equality, and calls the editorial which appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette felicitating Wales on having won a race, "the Astor crawl." Yes, Friend Reynolds, the American flunkey is a disgusting beast, and has only one successful rival in meanness—the Irish flunkey.

DIVISION 22, A. O. H., of Lemont, Ill., will give a picnic at Brown's Grove, on Saturday, July 4, for the benefit of St. Patrick's church.

OUR friend James Killelea, of Nashville, Tenn., has "taken off his coat" to fight the proposed "convention of the Irish race" to be held in Dublin next September. He wants no delegates sent from America to that gathering. Well, a few delegates from America could make small impression on the Whig sentiment, but if Irish-Americans went over in force they might be able to show Ireland what bootless stuff "moral force" agitations are made of.

AT a well-attended meeting of Div. 2, A. O. H., held in Unity hall, on the evening of the 11th inst., President Hanrahan, on behalf of the division, tendered to Mr. J. J. Sherlock, who is about to visit Ireland, their warmest thanks for his services to the Irish cause during the last six years, and those services, the president remarked, were not entirely confined to the meeting halls of the Ancient Order. Mr. Sherlock was also prominent in Irish-American literary clubs. He wished him bon voyage and safe return. After remarks, seconding Mr. Hanrahan, by Brother Lynch, Mr. Sherlock retured suitable thanks and the proceedings came to a close.

NOTICE.

The officers of Irish and Catholic societies will greatly oblige THE CITIZEN by sending in their reports of society and religious events not later than noon on Wednesdays.

PERSONAL.

Thomas McEnerny, who was elected State Chief Ranger by acclamation at the concluding session of the Catholic Order of Foresters at Springfield last week, is a Chicago lawyer, and lives at 861 S. Central Park avenue. He has been a member of the organization for ten years, but has not held state office. Mr. McEnerny was born in New London, O., June 7, 1858. He is a graduate of the Valparaiso Normal school's classic and law department, and is an alumnus of the University of Michigan, class of '81. In 1888 Mr. McEnerny was elected alderman from the Tenth ward for one term.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to the secretary, Francis Nolan O'Mahony, 354 East Chicago avenue.

RETURNS FIRE.

Judge Morrison Discharges His Logical Cannon at the Low Tariff Arguments Advanced Recently by Mr. John W. Enright.

In Doing So, He Quotes American Political History, and Gives Some Statistics That Speak Louder Than Words.

Judge Morrison's letter did not arrive in time for publication last week, as he lives at a great distance from Chicago, but his reply to Mr. Enright will not be read with the less interest on that account. Our readers will also, we have no doubt, await Mr. Enright's rejoinder with eagerness.

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MR. MORRISON'S LETTER.

[To the Editor.]

SANTA FE, N. M., June 12, 1896.—Your invitation to some able Democrat to reply to my letter has been accepted by not only an able, but also a courteous gentleman with whom I will have great pleasure in discussing the numerous phases of "Protection to American Industry," "English Free Trade," and what is erroneously styled a "Tariff for Revenue Only." In entering on what must necessarily be a protracted debate which will undoubtedly extend through the summer and autumn months, it will be well to take up the said phases seratim. I have learned during my legal training and practice that the most certain way to arrive at the truth is to take up a certain question, produce all the evidence and authorities applicable thereto, debate the same thoroughly and submit it to the jury, which, in our case, will be composed of the readers of THE CITIZEN. I will carefully preserve Mr. Enright's letter and take up, and at least endeavor to refute the numerous improved assertions he makes. Assertions are very good to a limited extent but they are like little babes in that they are unable to stand without support, and I will endeavor to support any assertions I make with proofs and authorities which I think will be acceptable to said jury whose patient consideration I bespeak for both Mr. Enright and myself. As my first letter treated mainly of the revenue of the Republic, it will be well to follow that subject as it is one in which every citizen is interested.

There is an old English maxim which says that "A National debt is a National blessing." As I have very little respect for English maxims, I take the liberty to say that I do not believe public or private debts are blessings in any form, and I happily belong to a party which holds the same opinion and has devoted its best energies to paying the National debt with marvellous results. Let us examine them in detail. As the Democratic tariffs eschew protection entirely and have been enacted for the sole purpose of producing revenue, they certainly ought to produce enough revenue to pay the ordinary expenses of the government. If they fail in this the failure is complete, and money must be borrowed to supply the deficits, which, by the way, are Democratic institutions. Can I prove then that Democratic tariffs for revenue have failed to produce sufficient revenue, but have always produced deficits, and hence loans, and increase of the National debt? Nothing is easier. Of course we all know that in 1846, under the Democratic administration of Mr. Polk, the Protective tariff of 1842 (which Whigs and Democrats united in passing over Mr. Tyler's veto) was repealed and the revenue tariff of 1846 was enacted and continued in force until 1857, when duties were reduced to the lowest rates we ever had since the adoption of the Constitution, and it remained in force until it was repealed and the Morrill law, the first Republican Protective tariff, was enacted in 1861. Here were fourteen years of "tariff for revenue only," in a period of profound peace and without the pension charges which we have inherited from the civil war, and which we will continue to gratefully pay while one of the preservers of the Union remains on earth. And we find that from 1847 to 1857 the government expenditures exceeded its revenues by $21,790,909, and the public debt increasd $13,149,629. Then came the disastrous low tariff of 1857, and from that year until 1861 the National debt increased $46,000,000, expenses exceeded receipts by $77,234,116. How was this for "tariffs for revenue only?"

In this connection I commend to the careful consideration of your readers and Mr. Enright the following extract from President Buchanan's annual message of 1861, referring to the woful condition of the country after fourteen years of Democratic "tariffs for revenue only." He says "With unsurpassed plenty in all the productions and all the elements of natural wealth our manufacturers have suspended, our public works are retarded, our private enterprises of different kinds are abandoned and thousands of useful laborers are thrown out of employment and reduced to want. We have possessed all the elements of material wealth in rich abundance, and yet, notwithstanding all these advantages our country in its monetary interests is in a deplorable condition." I am anxious to know how Mr. Enright will account for this "deplorable condition." He is estopped from denying what a high Democratic authority like President Buchanan officially asserts. Nor can he deny what both he and I remember that Buchanan's administration was compelled to pay from 8 to 12 per cent for money borrowed to pay the mere ordinary expenses of the government, "economically administered." Mr. Enright's well-known honesty will compel him to concede that the said "tariffs for revenue only" were failures, as they did not produce enough to run the government. As to the "thousands of useful laborers who were thrown out of employment and reduced to want," as Mr. Buchanan says, we will see by and by. I lived, I might say starved, through those dreadful years and know something about them, but I won't anticipate the course of the debate. It was then with an empty treasury, demoralized industries and reduced to want," that the Republican party under the presidency of the immortal Lincoln, succeeded Buchanan and faced the rebellion."

During the progress of the war, of course, the public debt increased enormously, and at the return of peace, in 1865, it amounted to $2,381,530,295. From that time until 1893 not only were there no deficits but every year there was a large surplus, large enough to pay, as I said in my last letter, the enormous amount $1,796,493,295, leaving the balance due only $585,037,000. During all this time, or at least from the date of the Resumption act, the $100,000,000 gold reserve was kept intact, the pension charges running from $1,072,461-55 in 1861 to $118,548,959-71 in 1891, were promptly paid, every obligation of the government was honorably met and discharged, no Shylock bonds were negotiated and no increased interest was added to the public burdens. Now take the much abused McKinley law, which will soon again be the law of the land. It was passed Oct. 6, 1890. Up to the election of Mr. Cleveland it had been in force twenty-five months. The receipts during that time were $759,456,825, and the expenditures were $731,211,184, showing a surplus of over $28,000,000. The history of the passage of the present Democratic tariff is a history of scandals such as never has been equalled in America. After it passed the house it was discovered by the Democratic senators that the Democratic representatives had made about seven hundred mistakes, so they amended it about seven hundred times; then came the sugar scandals which sent certain Democratic senators into oblivion. But it passed the senate after occupying about three months' time, then it went back to the house, where it was met with a storm of denunciation. Mr. Wilson, the father of the original bill, denounced his disfigured offspring as a corrupt trade with the sugar trust, which he said would take hundreds of millions of dollars out of the people's pockets and put them into the coffers of said trust.

In a letter to Mr. Wilson, dated July 2, 1894, President Cleveland said that the abandonment of the original principles of the Democratic party and the adoption of this measure meant "party perfidy and party dishonor," but he stood by the sugar trust. Then Senators Vest, Gorman and others devoted themselves to the excoriation of Mr. Cleveland. Gorman said he had "gone through the mire and filth of Cleveland's first election," and his reward was to be charged with "party perfidy and party dishonor." Mr. Vest said "the best campaign document furnished the Republican party, of which we will not hear the last until the approaching canvass is ended, will be the letter of the President denouncing the senate without exception for having framed a bill, the provisions of which are now necessary, according to the secretary of the treasury, to prevent the issue of interest-bearing bonds to carry on the government." But after Cleveland and Wilson's denunciation of the bill, Wilson voted for it, sugar steal and all, and the President, after refusing to disgrace himself by signing the product of "perfidy and dishonor," would not veto it as he had vetoed hundreds of gallant soldiers' pension bills, but permitted it to become a law without his signature. And thus we are living under this law which has produced nothing but deficits, issuing of bonds and increase of the National debt by over $500,000,000 in debt, interest and deficiency. And yet Mr. Enright can see nothing good in Protection, and nothing but good in "tariffs for revenue only," although the Republican tariffs for Protection have always produced abundance of revenue while the Democratic tariffs, from 1846 till now, have never done so.

Now, does Mr. Enright agree with President Cleveland and Mr. Wilson, or does he not agree with Messrs. Vest, Gorman and others? He cannot agree with both. Does he think it is bad policy to live under laws which enable us to pay our just debts, and good policy to enact laws which send us on periodical borrowing pilgrimages to the moneybags of Wall and Lombard streets and sell our bonds for $1.12, which are sold over again in a few days for $1.15 to $1.20, thus losing eight or nine million dollars in a single day. I understand that Mr. Enright is a prosperous merchant, but I am sure he did not become so by piling up deficiencies and slighting what Mr. Carlisle calls comfortable surpluses, something, by the way, that Mr. Carlisle has not seen, and will not see, while he is secretary of the treasury.

A. L. MORRISON.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Emmets won a rather one-sided football match on the Gaelic Athletic association grounds last Sunday afternoon. It was the first of the games scheduled to decide the championship for 1896. There was also an exciting game of hurling between the Innisfails and the O'Mahonys. The football men took the field first, and consisted of the following players: Emmets—Carney, W. Carney, Fitzgerald, Myles, Hall, Norris, O'Gara, Murphy, O'Brien, Sisk, J. Ryan, Ahern, P. Ryan, Donohoe, Hall, Carmody, Butler. Liberators—J. Foley, Noonan, Barry, Moriarity, W. Barry, O'Mara, Duggan, Stacey, Moriarity, J. Foley, P. Foley, Coffie, Kennedy. Referee, P. D. Fitzgerald.

The Liberators played with two men short throughout, and as the Emmets were up to full strength the result could hardly be otherwise than a win for the latter. During the first half hour J. Foley, Noonan and Barry were kept busy turning aside the hot balls sent in by the Emmet forwards and succeeded so well that only three points were scored. Phenomenal plays by Billy Hall gave the Emmets two goals, the second of which was disputed on the ground that Hall had used both hands. The claim was disallowed. Duggan was hurt shortly before the close. The full time was not played, as Referee Fitzgerald gave the Emmets the game because a Liberator player refused to retire after being dismissed. The score: Emmets, 2 goals, 4 points; Liberators, 0.

The hurling teams composed the following: O'Mahonys—Howe, Murphy, Connors, Dwyer, Ryan, O'Brien, Callaghan, Sullivan, Barry, Ahern, Kennedy, O'Donnell, Dunn, Howe, Costello, Clifford, Driscoll. Innisfails—Phelan, Egan, Costello, Naughton, T. Callahan, J. Callaghan, Doyle, Russell, Lehane, J. White, J. Callahan, O'Neill, McCarty, Hartigan, Furlong.

The O'Mahonys had the aid of both run and wind at first, but made little use of them, the only points scored being by M. Ahern and Howe. For the opposition Furlong meantime had scored a goal. This was the state of the game at half time. Although playing two men less than the O'Mahonys the Innisfails had fairly well held their own. In the second half the handicap told its tale. Barry crushed through a goal. Howe, Costello and Kennedy followed up with points. Furlong scored a point, and although many efforts were put forth to draw level the Innisfails failed to do so. The score: O'Mahonys, 1 goal and 51 points; Innisfails, 1 goal and 21 points.

—

The committee of the Gaelic Athletic association has arranged a long programme for the hurling and football championships. It is unfortunate only three teams are entered for the former, as this is by far the prettiest of genuine Gaelic sports. The O'Mahonys, Innisfails and Sarsfields all have fine teams. The new grounds at Ogden avenue and Rockwell street will be used for all the games. The schedule:

June 21—Sarsfields and Innisfails, for the championship of 1895; O'Briens and Young Irelands.

June 28—O'Connells against winner of Sarsfield-Innisfail game of June 21 for 1895 championship; Sarsfields and O'Mahonys (hurling).

July 5—Open.

July 12—Innisfails and O'Neil Crowleys; Sarsfields and Liberators.

July 19—O'Connells and O'Briens; Sarsfields and Innisfails (hurling).

July 26—Emmets and Young Irelands; Sarsfields and O'Neil Crowleys.

Aug. 2—Innisfails and O'Briens; Sarsfields and O'Mahonys.

Aug. 9—O'Connells and Liberators; Emmets and O'Neil Crowleys.

Aug. 23—Innisfails and Young Irelands; Sarsfields and O'Connells.

Aug. 30—Annual field sports.

Sept. 6—Emmets and O'Briens; Innisfails and Sarsfields (hurling).

Sept. 13—O'Connells and Young Irelands; Innisfails and Liberators.

Sept. 20—O'Briens and Sarsfields; tie games.

Sept. 27—Liberators and Young Irelands; O'Connells and O'Neil Crowleys.

Oct. 4—Emmets and Sarsfields; Liberators and O'Briens.

Oct. 11—Innisfails and O'Connells; Young Irelands and O'Neil Crowleys.

Oct. 18—O'Briens and O'Neil Crowleys; Young Irelands and Sarsfields.

Oct. 25—Emmets and Innisfails.

Nov. 1—Liberators and O'Neil Crowleys; tie games.

Nov. 8—O'Connells and Emmets.

Nov. 15—Sarsfields and Innisfails.

GAELIC PROSE.

Cath Cluana Tairbh.
(D'aithris ughdar éigin.)
(Dublin Gaelic Journal.)

(AN LEANAMHAIN)

Agus iar rochtain gus an áit sin dóibh adubhairt Aoibheall, "Ní bhfuil tairbhe ann, a Mhurchaidh," ar sí, "óir do gheabhair-se bás insan gcath so;" agus adubhairt an rann:

A—Cé maith do mhianeoch, a chara dhil.
Roimh éigh ag dul 'san gcath,
T'aghaidh gheal mar mhaoth-shról ndeasg,
Claochlóidh do-dheoibh tú de dhath.

D—D'aireombainn-se dhuit-sé roimh gleic
Sgeul beag agus é fior,
Nach é eagla m'aighthe féin
Fo deara dom' ghné dul díom.

Dá dtuitimid-se, tuitfid Gaill,
Is bladh Gaedhil 'na reon ar rath;
Ní h-aireomhthar go dti an bráth
A dtuitfidh lem' láimh 'san gcath.

A—A Dhúnlaing, seachain an cath
Go dti an mhaidin i mbárach.
Do gheabhair dá fhichid bliadhain do ras,
Is seachain cath an aon-lae.

D—Ní thiubhar-sa Murchadh mór
Ar airgead ná ar dheang-ór,
Is ní mó thréigfead mo bhladh
Ar an éag nach seachantar.

A—Ní bionann dsoibh insan geath,
Gaill agus gasraidh Theamhrach,—
Léinteacha sróil ar siol Chuinn
Is Gaill 'na n-soubhróin iarainn.

D—Or is airgead cloinne Luire
Tug Murchadh és cleas mo chuirp.
Do bhéar-sa an corp séimhidh seang
Tar ceann mic árd-ríogh Eireann.

A—Tuitfidh Murchadh, tuitfidh Brian,
Is tuitfid uile ar aon-rian.
Budh dearg do'n mhuigh so i mbárach
O n-bhur bhfuil, cé mordhálach.

NOTES—Ins an, (in the) is followed by either eclipsis or aspiration. In Munster and Ulster aspiration is used, in Connacht eclipsis.
Meath-shról, soft silk. Claochlóchaidh, will change.
D'aireómhainn, I would recount, áirmhim.
Gleic, conflict; gleacaidhe, a combatant.
Aighthe, *gen.* of aghaidh. Fo-deara, caused.
Gné, aspect.
'Na reon ar rath, in their path on success, in victory's path.
I n-aon-bhróin iarainn, in one sheet of iron.
Séimhidh, strengthened form of séimh.
Budh dearg do'n mhuigh so, it will be red for this plain, this plain will be red. Compare "it is well for you." Budh, future of is, now disused.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

"Irish-American Patriots in the Early Wars and Politics of Our Country," by Rev. Joseph A. Pompeney, D.D., is a booklet that will delight, instruct and refresh you. Send 10 cents in silver for it to THOMAS J. CASEY, Publisher, 1127 Oak street, Kansas City, Mo.

THE FLOWER OF BALLYMORE.

BY NAISI.

Senseless dreamers tell of visions clad
in robes of silk and gold,
Form'd and featured in a fashion which
no hand could paint or mold,
Whilst they fancy foolish idols thus to
worship and adore,
I will sing the simple praises of the
Flower of Ballymore.

Not an apple ever ripened on MacCurra's finest tree,
Not a rosebud ever blossomed in the gardens of Kilrea,
Nor a wild flower in the meadows, with
her soft cheeks could compare,
And the pinions of the raven weren't
blacker than her hair.

The stars that shine and twinkle in the
cloudless summer skies,
Have a light less soft and lustrous than
the sparkling of her eyes,
And the snow upon Knockastia in the
winter morning hoar,
Wasn't purer than the bosom of the
Flower of Ballymore.

She had no silks or satins, no diamond
rings, nor golden lace—
Her dress was in the fashion that became her homely place—
The only gems, or ornaments, or jewels
that she wore,
Were the gifts that nature lavished on
the Flower of Ballymore.

The wild deer on the mountain or the
lefret in the lawn,
The mermaids by Lough Ennel or the
fairies on Slieve Bawn,
In their wildest, freest moments, never
tripped the grasses o'er,
With a step more light and graceful than
the Flower of Ballymore.

Though the flag of Argentina proudly
waves above my head,
And the plains of Buenos Aires leagues
and leagues around me spread,
Far away beyond the ocean all my fondest hopes are set,
In a land whose fields are narrow, and
whose flag is folded yet.

Yes, in Erie dear are centered all my
yearnings, hopes and fears!—
All the aims and ardent longings of my
best and brightest years,
Were to see the green flag flying every
tower and castle o'er,
And be joined in holy wedlock to the
Flower of Ballymore.

—*Southern Cross.*

Officers Kennealy and Downes Exonerated.

An evening paper of recent date says: John Scanlan of 2974 Deering street, who preferred charges of larceny against Patrolmen James Kennealy and John J. Downes of the Deering street station, seems to have been out for revenge only.

The two officers were absolutely exonerated by the trial board before which they were summoned last Tuesday, while Scanlan was vigorously scored by Chief of Police Badenoch. When the complaining witness was placed upon the stand his story was so ridiculous and unsubstantial the witnesses for the patrolmen were not heard, although there were a dozen present to vouch for the truth and veracity of the two officers.

There seems to have been considerable malice back of the charges preferred by Scanlan. Witnesses were present to testify than Scanlan was a bitter enemy of the two men owing to previous occurrences.

Scanlan claimed that on the evening of May 29 he was stopped by the officers near his home and searched for a deadly weapon. None was found, but when Scanlan got home he missed $62.50, and accused the officers of having taken it. Their summons before the trial board followed.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

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JOSEPH L. KOTAL, ATTORNEY, ROOM 419 U. S. EXPRESS BUILDING.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL DOLLARD, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Dollard, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1896, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 2, 1896.

LUCAS WEST, Administrator.

Joseph L. Kotal, Attorney.

H. R. EAGLE

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15 cents
for gallon cans Apples.

25 cents
per lb. for After-Dinner Java Coffee.

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for pint Mason Fruit Jars, 4½ for quarts, 5½ for half-gallons.

1 cent
for 1,200 Sulphur Matches.

9 cents
for 10 lbs. Fresh Rolled Oats, 10 lbs. Washing Soda, or 10 lbs. Yellow Cornmeal.

1¾ cents
for 1-lb. pkg. Best Corn Starch.

$1.69
for a 60-bar box German Mottled Soap.

10 cents
for Fancy Imported Sultana Seedless Raisins.

19 cents
for Finest Imported Shelled Valencia Almonds.

15 cents
for 27-oz. bottle Fancy Queen Olives.

19 cents
per lb. for Fancy New Crop Japan Tea.

6 cents
per pkg. Fibered Codfish, regular price is 10 cents.

9 cents
for 2½-lb. cans California Fruits, your choice of Peaches, Green Gages, Apricots, Egg Plums.

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THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

This historical and patriotic picture, mounted on glass and framed in a 2-inch shell frame, gold, or white and gold, frame 12x18 inches, will be sent Free to any reader of THE CITIZEN who sends in two new subscribers, paid in advance. This offer will last for a short time only.

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ADOBE BUILDINGS.

SIMPLE ARCHITECTURE OF MUD HOUSES IN NEW MEXICO.

How the Bricks Are Made—They Have Straw In Them and Are Sun Dried. Dwellings Made In This Way Are Very Durable—A Favorable Climate.

Architectural engineering is a branch of the gentle art of making mud pies in the land where the adobe houses grow. In the land of sunshine, where a rainy day is so rare that it is marked with a red cross, the native contractor and builder wastes no time figuring on the strength of material, the crushing limit of tubular columns and the wind pressure per square foot of elevation. He does not pore over blue prints of plans, cross sections and elevations, nor does he whittle down his figures to the finest point so as to come under some other contractor's bid. He simply rolls his trousers up above his knees, digs down in a favored ditch or pond until he strikes the "dobe mud," and in a short time he is ready to begin constructive operations.

Adobe houses are brick houses, but the brick is sun dried and made with straw. The clay or mud of which the brick is made is a natural cement peculiar to the arid plains of New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and that belt of states and territories. It is turned out in the most primitive manner, and the Blue Island brickmaker who might happen upon a half breed or Mexican 'dobe brickmaker would view the operation with amusement or disgust. Kiln burned brick, made of blue clay, however, would not meet the requirements imposed by the climatic conditions of those countries where adobe brick is used.

In summer an adobe house is cool; in winter it is warm. Its thick walls absorb the occasional rain, and, although the sun dried brick is soft compared to the kiln dried article, it does not crumble, and it stands for ages.

A man who recently traveled through New Mexico was much interested in the 'dobe houses. For weeks he inquired and searched for a 'dobe house in the hands of the builders. At length in Santa Fe he stumbled upon a couple of men stamping with their bare feet upon clay in a wooden frame. He inquired and found that he was looking upon two Mexicans making adobe brick. In describing the process he said:

"The men actually dug up the 'dobe mud from the bottom of the ditch which skirted the road. They mixed it, or, as we say, 'tempered' it with water until it was of a stiff, clayey consistency. Then they chopped alfalfa hay into short pieces and mixed it with the clay, and their material was ready to make into brick. A wood frame lay on the ground. This frame was filled with the 'dobe mud mixed with hay, and one of the men got into the frame and stamped the mud down with his bare feet, at the same time tamping it with a stick. After the frame was packed hard he scraped the surplus mud off with a stick, so that the top surface was level with the upper edges of the frame, and then lifting the frame from the clay he carried the brick to one side of the road and stood it on its edge. The next brick he made he leaned against the first one, and soon he had a dozen large bricks—each twice as wide and long and thick as an ordinary brick—drying in the sun. One of the men told me that the bricks would be ready to lay in three or four days, and that they used the mud which the bricks are made of for the plaster.

"The walls of an adobe house are very thick, sometimes two or three feet, and in the ordinary one story adobe house, which is characteristic of that region, they are built up perfectly plain until they reach the roof. The roof is supported on wooden beams, laid edgewise on the walls, and the bricks are built up level with the top of the beams between the timbers, leaving the edge of the rafters exposed. The roof has a slight slant, and is made of adobe bricks. When it rains, the water soaks into the roof bricks, but does not begin to drip down into the rooms below until the rain is over. Then the family moves out until the water is through with its dripping. I saw an adobe house in Santa Fe which was built in the sixteenth century, and, so far as I could see, the walls were as strong and good as any house around there.

"Walls are built of stone, plastered with adobe cement, if I may so call it, and such walls are strong and solid. I suppose if that country had half as much rain as falls in Chicago the 'dobe houses would after a time crumble away, but the average year in New Mexico is made up of 187 days of unclouded sky, 139 days when sunshine predominates and only 39 days of cloud, so that the rainfall does not amount to much more than a good sized fall of dew."

It is estimated that an adobe house costs about $100 a room, but there are mansions built of this material which cost not less than $30,000 to construct. When the "Americans" settled in New Mexico, Utah, Arizona, Nevada and the lower part of California they accepted the treeless condition of the country and built their houses of 'dobe mud.—Chicago Record.

Kentucky's Names.

Kentucky is known as the Corn Cracker State, from a game bird enjoying the same name which was formerly found in great abundance in most parts of the state. It is also called the Blue Grass State, from the belt of land running through the center in which this variety of grass grows to great perfection. In the early days of our history it was known as the Dark and Bloody Ground, being so termed by the Indians. It was then a debatable land between the Indians living north of the Ohio and those living in the mountains of Tennessee and Georgia, a sort of battleground for these tribes, which fact gave it the [illegible] hearing ore it was settled by the [illegible] all that is ve. We have been,

LEE AND M'CLELLAN.

Their First Meeting as Described by the Latter After the Civil War.

Entertaining papers giving reminiscences of "The Lost Cause" were read in this city at a meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy. In a paper prepared by Mr. George Savage and read by Mrs. D. Giraud Wright was described the first meeting of General Robert E. Lee and General George B. McClellan, as General McClellan had related the facts to Mr. Savage in the summer of 1878.

"It was near the City of Mexico during the Mexican war," said General McClellan to Mr. Savage, "that I first met my future great opposing commander. I was a lieutenant of engineers and Lee was a major of engineers and a favorite on the staff of General Winfield Scott. I was walking across a field one day when I saw General Scott and his staff approaching on horseback. As the party drew near to me Major Lee reined up his horse and, addressing me in an angry tone, said:

"'Lieutenant, don't you know you are disobeying orders? What is your name?'

"I told him my name was McClellan and that I did not know I was disobeying orders.

"'All officers have been told to remain in their quarters and await orders,' he exclaimed, still appearing very angry.

"I replied that no such order had reached me, and he then peremptorily ordered me back to my quarters, and hastened away to join General Scott and the rest of the staff, who had not stopped.

"I returned across the field to my quarters, feeling much injured, for I had not knowingly committed any breach of discipline. I complained to my fellow officers of Major Lee's treatment of me. Scarcely had I finished my story when I was told that there was an officer outside who wished to see me, and I was greatly surprised to find Major Lee seated there upon his horse. He saluted and I returned the salute.

"'Lieutenant McClellan,' said he, 'I fear that in our meeting just now I was discourteous in tone or manner, and I have come to express to you the regret which, under the circumstances, a gentleman should.'

"I assured him that it was all right, and with a salute and a low bow, which I feelingly returned, he rode away, leaving me lost in admiration of a superior officer who could so promptly and so generously repair an error."—Baltimore Sun.

HE LOVED HIS MASTER.

Two Stories of Sosimo, Robert Louis Stevenson's Faithful Samoan Body Servant.

The other day the cook was away, and Louis, who was busy writing, took his meals in his room. Knowing there was no one to cook his lunch, he told Sosimo to bring him some bread and cheese. To his surprise, he was served with an excellent meal—an omelet, a good salad and perfect coffee.

"Who cooked this?" asked Louis, in Samoan.

"I did," said Sosimo.

"Well," said Louis, "great is your wisdom."

Sosimo bowed and corrected him—"Great is my love!"

Long ago Louis had a topaz stud that was somewhat difficult to put into his shirt, so he gave it to me. I laid it away in my trinket box and was dismayed, when I first wanted to wear it, to find it gone. Sosimo had missed the stud, discovered it in my box and carried it back to Louis' room. I kept up the fight for some time, trying to secrete it from Sosimo by putting it in out of the way places, but it was invariably found in Louis' room, no matter where I had hidden it.

When he came up from the ship he put Louis' valise down on the veranda and carefully abstracted from his mouth the precious stud he had carried there for safety. I gave up, then, and it is now Louis' own.—"Robert Louis Stevenson's Home Life," by Isobel Strong, in Scribner's.

Their Hobbies.

Some gossip in Cassell's Magazine tells what are the hobbies or amusement of some of England's great men. Mr. Balfour indulges in golf, bicycles and philosophy, and he once played Hamlet; Lord Salisbury studies silence and tries experiments with a test tube; Mr. Chamberlain raises orchids; Mr. Gladstone, of course, used to chop trees, and now reads Greek when he feels the need of rest; Prince Bismarck drinks beer, smokes and reads Du Boisgoby; the Prince of Wales is fond of bowling; the Duke of Devonshire, Sir John Millais, Andrew Lang and William Black are expert fishermen, while Mr. Toole finds something funny to do or say almost every hour of the day. Once he sent a package of chocolates to a little boy who sat in a stage box and was disturbing him with his astonishingly loud laughter. The attendant delivered the packet, "With Mr. Toole's compliments, and would the young gentleman who laughed so heartily kindly eat these during the performance?"

Newspapers In New Jersey.

There are about 300 newspapers published in New Jersey, of which 70 are Republican, 70 Democratic and 66 nominally independent. There are 24 German newspapers, 4 Italian newspapers and 1 newspaper printed in Hollandese. Two papers are published by colored men. This is an average of 1 newspaper to every 2,118 males of all ages in New Jersey, or to every 1,135 of the legal voters of the state that voted in the last presidential election.—Newark Advertiser.

All British patents are granted for 14 years, but are revoked at any time after the fourth year upon the nonpayment of the government tax.

Over 27,000 pounds weight of edible birds' nests are annually shipped from Java to Chin

A PILLOW OF PINE.

I rest on a pillow of pine, brought home from the summer mountains.
The balm of its needles is soothing, and grateful I feel to the hands,
The tender and thoughtful hands, of the friends that gathering remembered me.
And yet the aroma it yields takes me farther than summer mountains,
Takes me down to the forests of pine in Virginia and North Carolina.
Again I ride a horse and sleep in the woods and by roadways.
Again I am with companions and implements of warfare.
I hear the drum and the fife and the bugle's call to action.
The batteries belch their fire, and the squadrons charge like demons,
And from rude made breastworks come showers of lead like hailstones,
While the flag goes up or down as success crowns our endeavors.
The wounded lie in the forest, but a fire is eating its way there;
While helpless they lie till consumed in the terrible havoc,
And men are dying with thirst in the grime of the conflict unending.
While the night stops only awhile the carnage and belchings of cannon;
And I lie on a pine needle bed, under the bright stars of heaven.
—Edward S. Creamer in New York Sun.

NIGHT ON SHIPBOARD.

The Regular Duties and the Time For General Relaxation.

The "first call" is sounded again five minutes before sundown, when the ensign and the jack halyards are manned, and a staylight made ready for hoisting to indicate the ship's whereabouts during the night. Then the color call follows at sundown as the flag is lowered, and saluted by all as it reaches the deck. The assembly is then sounded for evening quarters and muster, but there is no drill.

As a rule, it is just after sunset when the bugle call is sounded to "stand by hammocks." That brings all the crew on deck, and they stand in silence close out to the ship's side beside the hammock nettings, in two ranks facing the stern, until the boatswain's mate reports to the officer of the deck, "All up and aft." The latter then orders, "Uncover! —pipe down!" and in obedience to this order and the boatswain's whistle the nettings are thrown open, and the hammocks are served out and taken below to their proper places. Each hammock has printed on it a number, and that same number is on the hooks below decks where that hammock has to be swung, so that each man sleeps in the same place every night, and that place is called his "billet."

Unless, now, a boat is called away there will be no more bugle calls until five minutes of 9 o'clock. The period is one of complete relaxation, and is spent by the sailors in smoking, spinning yarns, singing, playing on musical instruments, and dancing. At 8:55 the first call is again sounded as a warning to the crew to prepare to turn into their hammocks and go to sleep. Then at 9 o'clock comes the call known as "tattoo."

This tattoo is the survival of an old custom. In the "old navy" it used to last 15 minutes, and was performed with drum and fife, playing all manner of airs and quicksteps according to the fancy or ingenuity of the drummer and fifer. It is even said to have been handed down from a period of superstition, when they used to make a hullabaloo after dark to drive the devils out of the ship. At the last note of tattoo the ship's bell is struck twice for 9 o'clock, and the boatswain's whistle sounds "Pipe down." Every man must then turn into his hammock, whether he is sleepy or not, for an inspection is made by the master at arms to see that all have done so. Then sounds that last, long, mournful call, "taps."—Lieutenant John M. Ellicott, in St. Nicholas.

Horse Shedding a Witness.

"I can't imagine where Senator Elkins obtained his authority for the explanation which he gives of the origin of the expression 'horse shedding,'" said Representative Grosvenor. "The origin of this famous expression was as follows:

"In days gone by the Ohio courts held sessions at different county seats at certain periods known as court terms. To accommodate the large crowds of litigants and witnesses who would flock in from points for miles around the county seat when court was in session, the county authorities erected sheds near the courthouse, where the litigants and their witnesses could tie and feed their horses while they attended court, and these sheds became known as horse sheds. Now, owing to the limited space of the courtrooms, the lawyers, who always traveled with the court, were unable to hold a private consultation with their clients and witnesses inside the walls, and so they used to take them under the horse sheds and there talk matters over with them.

"Among the attorneys who attended court at Chester, the then county seat of Meigs county, on one occasion were Tom Ewing and Samuel F. Vinton. The court was ready to go on with the case in which the two noted attorneys were retained as opening counsel, when it was discovered that Vinton was not present. The court looked carefully around and then asked:

"'Where is Mr. Vinton?'

"'I don't know, your honor,' said Ewing, rising to his feet. 'He is not here, but he is probably outside horse shedding his witnesses.'

"The remark raised a general laugh, and thereafter the word horse shedding a witness passed into popular parlance."—Washington Post

Has a Moon on His Neck.

The queerest birthmark which the authorities tell anything about is on the back of Joseph Rotherman's neck. Joseph is a resident of Connellsville, Pa., and his odd mark is a moon. When the moon is new the mark is hardly noticeable, but by the end of the first quarter it is an angry looking crescent, daily increasing in size. When the moon is at the full Rotherman's birthmark has also attained its maximum size. It decreases as the moon wanes and by the time of old or new moon is again scarcely noticeable.—St. Louis Republic.

HOUSES BUILT IN TREES.

New Guinea Claims the Distinction of Furnishing This Unique Spectacle.

Man was indubitably at one period of his existence an arboreal animal. He had much to do with "the trees of the garden." In some places and as represented by some races he still lives among them.

The natives of New Guinea climb like monkeys and travel for long distances from one tree to another without descending to the ground. The birds build little fairylike cabins on the ground, but the people construct their houses in the top of the tallest forest trees. First a native, having climbed the great trunk of the teak or cedar or oak tree he has selected, begins by cutting off some of the branches the right length to support a platform of bamboo on which his house is to rest. You would wonder how he could do anything with the tools he uses if you should see them. He has no saw or steel edged ax, but only a sort of tomahawk made of stone and knives of bone or hard wood. When, however, he has in some way managed to get the limbs of his tree so cut and fashioned as to support his house, his hardest work is done.

The house itself is soon built and is made of bamboo strips and thatched with palm leaves. All parts are firmly lashed together with strips of rattan palm, a very tough vine, used by the natives in place of ropes. It is not a large house, though it sometimes contains several rooms, but it is a safe and secure retreat for the women and children in case of a sudden attack by hostile tribes.

The house is reached from the ground by a long ladder or inclined plane, made of woven vines. In case an enemy appears the ladder is drawn up, and the man and his family and the pig are safe within the house. The elevation not only secures the household from wild beasts and from the ants that roam the country, seeking what they may devour, but also from disease germs, which, like those of yellow fever, do not rise above a certain level. The breeze, too, rocks the house gently, like a cradle, and sets the fresh air into circulation, making it delightfully refreshing after the sultry heats below.

If you should climb the long ladder and peep in at the door, you will find the family, perhaps, all asleep or sitting about the floor eating yams, cocoanuts and bananas, and sharing them with their pet pigs, parrots or poultry. You will find there no pictures, toys or playthings, such as even the poorest children among us possess; no music and no books, no furniture in the room, not even a bed and no mats on the floor.

Many a true built nest is constructed with more art and is more comfortable for the little ones who are born in it, and is far prettier than the rude huts of the wild men of New Guinea.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

Would Take Five Hundred Years to Cover It at a Swift Steamer's Pace.

"The sun is about 93,000,000 miles distant from the earth," writes Alden W. Quimby in Ladies' Home Journal. "It varies through the year because the earth's orbit is elliptical, and the sun is at one focus of the ellipse. The earth is more than 3,000,000 of miles nearer the sun in December than in June, at which time the latitudes south of the equator receive his direct rays and experience the great heat of their summer.

"Let us try to comprehend the figures stated. The other day two racers of the sea proudly lowered the record of transatlantic passage. Could they turn their prows to the sun, and drive their great engines day and night in the crossing of the other main, it would be 500 years before they could reach harbor.

"Most persons have noticed the appreciable interval of time between the stroke of an ax at a distance and the resultant sound. Could we hear the sound of a solar explosion we would know that the explosion had occurred 14 years before. Perhaps the most striking illustration is that which imagines a little child to have an arm long enough to reach the sun. The child might thrust its fingers into the seething fires, but it would grow up to maturity and calmly descend into the valley of extreme old age, blissfully unconscious of any pain from the burning; in fact, it would require another such lifetime to bring the news to the brain."

Birds That Feign Death.

One of the most remarkable devices resorted to by wild things for their own protection is that of shamming death. A beetle or spider will double in its legs and lie as if dead. The reason for this is obvious. It may then be passed over, mistaken for a bit of leaf or stick. But it is more difficult to account for this practice in birds.

A moor hen or land rail will feign death, lying in the hand perfectly limp and to all appearances unconscious. It has been suggested that the idea is that, being already dead, the captor will not trouble to kill them.

More probably it is merely a ruse in the hope that by lying still they may be forgotten and crawl off presently unobserved. Another reason is suggested by the fact that cats and the cat tribe do not often touch their prey unless it moves.—London Standard.

A Double Purpose.

Get into the habit of walking with the eyes cast thoughtfully on the ground. It gives people the impression that you are a deep thinker, and you may be able to pick up articles of value that others have lost.—Atchison Globe.

Companions of the noble orders take rank immediately after the knights of the same order, their precedence among themselves being arranged by a complicated but well understood system.

Many books require no thought from those who read them, and for a simple reason—they made no such demand upon those who wrote them.—Colton.

FACING A GRIZZLY.

HOW A BOY KILLED AN ANGRY BEAR WITH A BLOW OF AN AX.

His Brave Act Saved the Life of One of His Companions—The Geology Class Found Something In the Rockies It Wasn't Looking For.

It was in September—and the Colorado sun had done its duty and made Phil as brown of face and stout of limb as any of us—that the geology class, consisting of the professor and ten pupils, made an excursion into the range with the object of taking a practical lesson among the limestone beds at the back of Lincoln park.

Away we went—feeling very hilarious at the idea of making an independent expedition, even with Blinkers for a general—scrambling over rocks and fallen trees, chasing squirrels and chipmunks, throwing stones at birds and rabbits, and behaving generally just like what we were—a parcel of schoolboys.

Presently we emerged from the trees and came out upon another little open parklike stretch of ground. Half way across it our attention was suddenly attracted by a stir among some high grass, and out jumped a little, dark colored, short legged animal, which looked like a woolly pig—if there be any such thing in nature.

Away it scuttled, and away we all went, with a shout, in pursuit.

Phil happened to be some distance behind at the moment, being busily engaged in digging a tarantula's nest out of the ground with his knife; but as soon as he saw what we were doing he came racing after us, shouting: "Look out! Look out! It's a"—

We did not hear what, we were making so much noise ourselves.

But the little animal, whatever it was, was too quick for us and disappeared into some willows while we were still 20 yards behind. The next moment the willows waved and bent and out bounced a great she bear—a grizzly!

With a yell of dismay we all turned and, scattering like a flock of sparrows when a cat jumps into the midst of them, fled for the nearest trees. Blinkers, quite forgetting that he was the general of the little expeditionary force, made such use of his long legs that he was safely up a tree before any of the rest of us had reached one.

As for me, I never reached one at all.

In turning to run I tripped over the ax, and though I was up again in an instant the check made me the last of the fugitives.

The chase was very soon over. In six jumps, as it seemed, the great beast caught me, and, with one blow of her paw on the middle of my back, sent me, face downward, to the ground, with every atom of breath driven out of my body.

This last circumstance was a good thing for me; I could not have moved a muscle if I had wished to. Consequently the bear supposed that I was dead, and instead of tearing me up into small pieces, as I expected, she began sniffing me all over and turning me about with her claws.

Suddenly, however, she ceased and began to growl, and I heard Blinkers up in his tree call out, "Go back! You can't do any good. You'll only get yourself killed too." From which I concluded that Blinkers and the bear had one thought in common; they both supposed me to be dead.

I was beginning to recover my breath a little by this time, and in my anxiety to see what was going forward I made a slight movement with one arm, and in an instant the bear had that arm between her teeth. It hurt me so horribly that I fainted, and all that happened afterward I gathered from the other boys.

Phil, when he saw me knocked down, instead of climbing up a tree like the rest, ran back to where I had dropped the ax, and, picking it up, advanced to my rescue.

It was a mad thing to do, there is no doubt about that; but Phil did it—and without a thought of his own danger. It was in vain that Blinkers called to him to go back; he did not seem to hear, but kept coming on slowly, with his eyes fixed on the bear, and the ax held in readiness to strike.

The bear dropped my arm and advanced a step, standing across my body, growling and turning up her lips until all her great white teeth were exposed; but still Phil came on. At six feet distance he stopped. The bear took a step forward, and then another, and then, with all the strength of his body doubled by the intense excitement of the moment, Phil struck at her with such force and precision that he split her skull clean in two.

But, even in dying, the bear succeeded in doing some mischief.

With a last convulsive effort she struck out, and, with her great claws, tore away the front of Phil's coat, vest and shirt, and made three deep cuts all across his chest from the left shoulder diagonally downward. Another inch and Phil must certainly have been killed. As it was, he stood for a moment swaying to and fro, and then fell forward upon the dead body of the bear.—"Grizzly Phil," by Sidford F. Hamp, in St. Nicholas.

The Warden of Oxford.

Dr. Symons could be quick and dexterous when occasion needed. He had administered a serious rebuke to an undergraduate for irregularity in attendance at chapel. The victim, who was a most scrupulous chapel goer, summoned by a mistake due to a confusion of names, pleaded that he had not missed a chapel during the term, and that the other Smith must be the defaulter. The old man did not apologize. He praised the youth for his regularity, but bade him beware lest it should "degenerate into formalism."—Blackwood's Magazine.

A life that is worth writing at all is worth writing minutely.—Longfellow.

"HOW DO YOU DO?"

The French Lady Thought It a Question to Be Answered.

An American lady who spent some time in Paris says that she had a friend there, a French lady, who wished to learn a little English, and did so. Among her acquisitions in the language was the expression, "How do you do?" to which she was careful to learn the proper response.

One day the American lady met her French friend on the street. The American lady said, "How do you do?" with a smile, and passed on. She did not stop to notice that she had left the French lady standing on the street in astonishment.

Soon afterward she called on her friend, and was received very coldly by the French lady. As she did not know of any reason why the lady should be offended with her, she pressed her to tell what was the matter.

"Have I done anything to grieve you?" she asked.

"Anything to grieve me!" answered the French lady. "You meet me on the street, you ask me how I am, you do not wait to find out how I am, you pass on, and then you ask me whether you have done anything to grieve me!"

Then the American explained that it is not customary for Americans to wait for an answer to their inquiry, "How do you do?" that they commonly utter the words and pass on, or if they stop to speak, at once begin to talk of other matters.

The French lady could hardly express her astonishment. "The Americans do many very, very strange things," she said, "but this is the strangest of all!"

The French, when they are of the degree of acquaintance that justifies inquiry as to the health of another, stop and hear all about it, and all about the health of the respective families. When all this information has been exchanged, the two persons part with many adieux and elaborate good wishes for each other's continued health and happiness.

The Italians frequently embrace one another in public places and shake hands several times and commit one another in parting to the care of God. The Americans and the English are the only people that question each other as to their health without stopping to find out anything about it.—Youth's Companion.

WALLABIES AND KANGAROOS.

A Sportsman's Glimpses of Animals Peculiar to Australia.

There are wallabies and wallabies, scrub, swamp and rock wallabies, but all furnish lively sport for the hunter. The wallabies are next relatives to the kangaroos and are found in Australia.

F. G. Afialo tells in the Badminton Magazine how he hunted the wallabies 15 miles up the picturesque river, called the Rhine of the south by the Australians. The hunt was a failure, but the writer had more sport after kangaroos.

"We had not, my companion and I, gone half a mile," he says, "when we disturbed a large gray kangaroo at his morning toilet. He rose politely and eyed us for a moment, which would have been his last on earth, only, as luck would have it, he stood immediately between ourselves and the other two of the hunters. Then, while we were bowing to each other, the kangaroo suddenly vanished. I do not pretend to know where he went. When a beast can leap 20 feet without moving a muscle, it is useless to look for it. Here came a streak of luck. We rammed through a tangle of trailing undergrowth and all of a sudden there sat a small doe wallaby in a small opening, scratching her ear. It is not everybody who can intrude on a female wallaby and find her scratching her ear with a hind foot, nor does one often find a wallaby so interested in what she was doing as this one was. She rubbed her ear some more, and, shocked beyond all measure, my friend killed her with an express ball.

"The ears were cut off as trophies. A little while after this about 50 wallabies and kangaroos were seen in a herd, browsing in the grass a mile away, and that was a tantalizing sight, though mighty interesting. The beasts could scent a man a mile away easily, and a scent meant a go as you please hop race with no finish so far as the men were concerned.

"With a good pull at the flask, we crept forward," the writer says. "On we plodded, and the animals began to look troubled, warned by those vague and inexplicable forebodings of instinct, standing erect now and then and scanning the horizon with their great eyes. The males tapped the ground to warn the does and away they went. We got two by luck—a buck and doe."

Bird Hunters In Ceylon.

A more disagreeable object than a scorpion of Ceylon it would be difficult to imagine. Although, as a rule, it does not measure more than seven inches in length, there is a species found in the woods that are longer than a foot. They crawl out of some dried wood, and taking up their position on a convenient rock or stone, looking, as they hold their great jointed sting curved over their backs and their claws held aloft, the very picture of aggressive warfare.

Here they stretch themselves in the broiling sun and await their prey. These are the small, beautiful honeybirds that dart from flower to flower and take the place of the humming birds of the east.

As one approaches the scorpion seems to shrink into the stone until it becomes almost imperceptible. Suddenly the great insect will raise its claws and dart at its beautiful victim, which in a moment is destroyed.—Strand Magazine.

Force of Habit.

"The preacher made a great mistake on Sunday, and lost a good collection."

"How?"

"Well, he appointed a bill collector to go round with the plate, and bless me if every man in the congregation didn't ask him to call again on the 15th."—London Answers.

TEETH MAKE MANY ILLS.

The Evils Which Follow Imperfect Mastication May Be Avoided.

"It would take too long to enumerate the many ills which may spring from imperfect teeth," said Dr. Derby. "Of course one who has good teeth knows their value, but not enough people know what to do to keep them always in proper condition. Neither can you tell one just what is necessary at all times. The removal of all foreign susbtances from any contact with the dentine is of course the primary necessity in considering the preservation of the teeth.

"One of the first reasons why one should have perfect teeth is the influence they exert over the digestion. To secure proper assimilation the process of mastication should be thorough. Nothing less will accomplish the results intended. If this process is incomplete, all the attendant evils of indigestion are likely to follow. Thus the question of health is interposed as a primary one. Freedom from aches and pains and appearance take secondary places.

"Of the many forms of neuralgia which cause such excruciating suffering a great many owe their existence entirely to the presense of faulty teeth. They can be remedied only by the proper treatment of the diseased roots. When this is done, a number of nervous disorders respond readily to the ordinary medical treatment. Toothache, pure and simple, must be considered as an attendant of improperly cared for teeth. It is an old saying that the man who finds an absolute remedy for and preventive of toothache will make a big fortune.

"Of course the primary instruction to one who is suffering from bad teeth is to see a dentist. The exposed surface of the teeth, the enamel, must be kept perfect and whole. Any breaks in it must be immediately reparied and any wearing away or decaying of the structure must be built up if one expects to secure all the perfect results for which the teeth were designed by nature. Constant brushing and cleaning and any good nonacid wash will do much to keep the teeth in good repair.

"Of course you know the story of the man who, when his teeth were admired, gave the following reasons for their perfect condition: I always brush them, night and morning and after eating, and leave them in a glass of salt water while I am asleep."—San Francisco Examiner.

HE SNEEZED A BULLET.

Peculiar Experience of a Man Who Was Wounded In the Civil War.

Colonel Sidney Cooke of Herrington, Kan., one of the managers of the National Soldiers' home, tells of a peculiar experience in the army during the civil war. At the outbreak of the war he was a strapping New England boy, with strength and vitality which stood him well during his army life.

After taking part in several engagements Colonel Cooke was shot in the head and left on the battlefield as dead. The Federals retreated from the field and the Confederates soon occupied it. Colonel Cooke, who was then a private, was aroused to consciousness by some one tugging at his boots. The boots were very fine and the pride of his boyish heart, having been given to him by the dear ones at home.

"Ain't you dead, Yank?" asked the Confederate as he ceased tugging to remove the boots from the feet of the wounded boy.

On being assured that Cooke was not dead a compromise was effected. The Confederate brought the Union soldier some water and carried him to a Confederate surgeon. In return he secured the coveted boots.

Cooke had a long convalescence and finally recovered sufficiently to be sent to Andersonville prison, where he suffered, in addition to the privations of prison life, great pain from his wound. This suffering continued even after his release and his discharge from the army at the close of the war.

One day, long after the war was over, Colonel Cooke, who had settled in Kansas, was seized with a violent spell of sneezing. Just in the midst of it the bullet was expelled from his nose.—Chicago Record.

Reading the Newspaper.

"What a newspaper reading people we are!" said Mr. Goslim. "It seems as though everybody reads newspapers. In an elevated car the other day I saw a little child less than a year old which was reading a newspaper, or which seemed to be. The father had been reading the paper really, but the baby, sitting on its father's knee, had clutched at it, and finally the father placed it in the child's little hands, and it sat there, holding the paper in front of itself, and looking at it soberly, and now and then looking up at its father, and all this so pleased a gentleman with a gray mustache, who sat opposite, that when he got up to go out he chucked the baby gently under the chin and smiled at it as he passed."—New York Sun.

A Taking Title.

"Your play is good enough," said the veteran manager after he had read it through, "but it needs a better title than 'Sticketh Closer Than a Brother.' With such a name as that it won't draw."

"How would 'The Mustard Plaster' do?" suggested the struggling artist anxiously.—London Tit-Bits.

They Disagreed.

Langley—Don't you think Jack treats things altogether too seriously?

Seaber—Not much! He took that $5 bill I was kind enough to loan him last month and has treated it as a joke ever since.—Detroit Free Press.

Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet, to spin your wordy fabric in the street. While you are emptying your colloquial pack the fiend lumbago jumps upon your back.—O. W. Holmes.

Men are so constituted that everybody undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has aptitude for it or not.—Goethe.

USES OF COLLEGE TRAINING.

Not to Make Experts, but to Fit Men For Large, Intelligent Work.

"It is not entirely safe to claim that every kind of success, even of legitimate success, will be promoted by a college training," writes Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in The Ladies' Home Journal. "If I had a boy for whom it was my supreme ambition that he should become rich, I should not send him to college. So far from helping his prospects in that direction it would probably damage them. Money making is a trick. The easy acquisition of it is a knack. It involves the condensation of interest and faculty along a particular line, and that a narrow line. There is nothing to hinder a very small man from being a very wealthy one. Shrewdness does not imply a bigmindedness. I might say with a good deal of assurance that it implies the contrary. And shrewdness has more than anything else to do with the acquisition of gain.

"There are a great many things that can be best done by the man who does not know too much, or, at least, by the man whose intelligence is concentrated at a single point or along a single line. The mechanic who has come to be known among us as 'the wizard' would, perhaps, have been more of a man if he had gone to Harvard, but it would probably have spoiled him as a 'wizard.' Genius is presumably always a species of mania, and liable, therefore, to become something very ordinary if successfully subjected to the processes of the asylum. They had better be kept away from college if the design is to make them experts. College will be able to give them a character of 'all roundness,' but a knife cannot be round and sharp at the same time; neither can a boy.

"If we are going to do large, intelligent work, the prime condition is the possession of an intellect trained and stocked in the same general and comprehensive way. College training is simply the process of intellectually getting ready, not getting ready for this, that or the other specific mental service, but simply getting ready — planting down a broad foundation of preliminary big enough to support any breadth or height of superstructure that there may be need or opportunity to put upon it. The college course and the requisite preparatory training cost about seven years of the best and most possible period of a man's life. But if a young man hopes to do a large, solid work in the world, a work in which intelligence of a broad kind is to play any considerable part, and there is no antecedent obstacle in the way, he makes an irreversible mistake if he considers seven years too much to pay for a liberal education."

THE BLUEFISH BRIGADE.

What Happens When the Bluefish Make a Charge Upon the Menhaden.

"When menhaden or herring are driven upon the beach by bluefish, as they often are, so that they can be carried off by the cartload," said a fisherman, "there is very seldom found among them one of their pursuers, and if one is found it is likely to be a fish that is diseased or that has been hurt in some way. The bluefish follows to the very verge of the water, but there it stops, and it is so powerful and alert a swimmer that, close as it is, it still easily keeps clear of the land. The menhaden or herring are no mean swimmers. They could come as close and keep off the shore as easily as the bluefish do, but not when the bluefish are after them. Then they are like men pursued to the edge of a precipice. It is almost certain death to jump, but they must do that or turn and take the chances of breaking through the pursuing line.

"When the bluefish—there may be 3,000 or 4,000 of them together—sight a school of menhaden, they go for it like a brigade of heavy cavalry, cutting and slashing, snapping and biting, right and left. The menhaden are simply overborne by superior weight, and there is nothing for them to do but flee. If they are driven toward the shore, the land is to them what the precipice would be to the man. They must take it or they must turn and try to fight their way through. Many do turn and try to swim under or over or around the savage bluefish, and some escape in this way, and some are snapped up, and some are maimed and then cast ashore, and many of them, crowding together, are so closely pressed that they are practically forced ashore.

"Sometimes fish that are not cast up very far flop down into the water again. A high wave may set some free. A fish thus liberated may find its fins so damaged that it can't swim, and it is cast up again. Weakened by its rough experience, it may fall a prey to some of the bluefish yet lingering off shore. It may escape."—New York Sun.

Glass Coffins.

Local undertakers are interested in the proposition of an Indiana company to manufacture glass coffins on a large scale. George F. Kimball, the plate glass manufacturer, states that the idea is entirely practicable, and that coffins can be made from glass much more cheaply than from wood. Mr. Kimball thought that such coffins could be constructed in the cheaper grades for not more than 50 cents a running foot. Coffins made from glass would be much more durable than metallic caskets, and their extreme cheapness would cause their adoption extensively in cases where death is due to contagious diseases, in which the law requires a hermetically sealed casket. A new method of manufacturing glass whereby it is made to resemble wood will enable the manufacturer to lend infinite variety to his product.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Lesson In Punctuation.

Professor in English (to young man)—How would you punctuate the following: "The beautiful girl, for such was she, was passing down the street?"

Student—I think, professor, I would make a dash after the beautiful girl.—Strand Magazine.

AMERICAN NERVOUSNESS.

There Is No More of the Disease Here Than Elsewhere.

The belief in the greater nervousness of the American seems very widespread. The late Dr. Beard of New York was one of the first to describe nervous prostration and to give it its medical name of neurasthenia, so that it has often been spoken of as "the American disease." In his work on "American Nervousness" he treats chiefly of the causes of the nervousness and its symptoms, accepting almost as an axiom the statement that Americans are more nervous than any other race and that there is a vastly greater amount of nervous disease in this country than in Europe. He admits, however, that the severer forms of organic nervous disease, such as locomotor ataxia and apoplexy, are probably less frequent, the increase being in the so called functional conditions, neurasthenia, hysteria and the like. It is probable that the majority of educated people not physicians in this country would admit without a murmur that as a people we are peculiarly subject to nervous disease.

Although, as I have said, the statistics are not conclusive, nevertheless such statistics as we have and the conclusions drawn from various general impressions absolutely contradict this belief. It is only since the war of 1812 that the American has acquired his reputation for restless energy. Before that he was denounced as indolent and sluggish. Up to the period of the civil war he was also denounced as physically degenerate, inferior in bulk, strength and endurance to his English cousin. The civil war put an end to such talk. No armies endured more than ours in the field; no people endured more than those who staid behind waiting and helping.

The record of the first Kentucky brigade in the Confederate army, almost continuously in action or on the march for 100 days in 1864; retreating from their homes, with the hope of success steadily fading away; 1,140 strong at the beginning, suffering 1,860 fatal or hospital wounds, with only 50 left unwounded, yet mustering 240 at the end, with less than 10 desertions—such a record has never been surpassed. These men were of the purest American stock.

At about the same time Dr. Brown-Sequard found that the American mammals survived injuries that were inevitably fatal to the European, and our surgeons found a surprising percentage of recovery from severe gunshot wounds, greater probably than had ever been observed in Europe. Dr. B. A. Gould found that the American soldier was physically as well developed as the European, and Dr. H. P. Bowditch found that the American schoolboy was the equal in measurement of the boys of Eton and Rugby. American life insurance underwriters, too, have found that the longevity in this country is as great as it is in Europe, or greater. The rise of the south since the civil war and the prompt recovery of individual communities, such as Chicago, Boston and Portland, after great conflagrations, are further instances of the great recuperative power of our people.

Since the civil war our physical condition has greatly improved. The greater interest in athletics and better cooking have probably had something to do with this improvement. We have held the America's cup for nearly 50 years. In shooting, cricket, rowing and tennis we have not been inferior in international contests. In track athletics Yale has recently shown her superiority to Cambridge, and the New York athletes have not only surpassed their London rivals, but have established new world's records in more than one event. In the famous ride a few years ago between Berlin and Vienna the picked riders and horses of the Austrian and German armies were used up, yet our cavalrymen and express messengers on the plains, with ordinary mounts, have made better records both for time and distance, without the slightest injury to horses or men.—Dr. Philip C. Knapp in Century.

Mrs. Craigie on Americans.

"Even a stranger could not be long in America," said the authoress, "without noting the deep religious feeling which underlies the national life of the country. It is not aggressive. It is not paraded to the view in any obtrusive way. It has no suggestion of hypocrisy. Simply you have a sincere religious sentiment, a Christian attitude, an absolute integrity, as the basis of the community. This does not exist only among what are called the church going classes, but influences the sections also which perhaps are not religious in the strict sense. It has permeated everywhere and is so strong that I believe those who fall below its principles would hardly be tolerated by public opinion. The fact itself is no doubt attributable in the main to Puritan traditions and the large admixture of Roman Catholics—the Irish, for instance—among the population."

"What is the next American characteristic you would select?"

"Perhaps that of honorable ambition—the desire to succeed on individual worth. Self effort, independence of character, the inborn wish to rise, to be better, to live better—all that is what I mean. Americans are rich and when they have made their money proud of it, but they are very far from being mercenary. That, or the degeneration into selfishness, is no part of the American character, which surely is sympathetic and whole hearted if it is anything. Again, I should mention the patriotism of the American people, for it is intense, a dominating note among all classes.—Interview in the London Chronicle.

The Rider the Sufferer.

Walker—Er, when you run into a man, the rider is as likely to get the worst of it as the pedestrian, isn't he?

Wheeler—You bet he is! The last fellow I ran into only lost a front tooth, while I had four spokes broken and my sprocket wrenched all out of true!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

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County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 305, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Matbel's hall, Canalport and Union-avs.

DIVISION 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 939 S. Ashland-av.
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton-av.
Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

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Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

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Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

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Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

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Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
Recording Secretary, Mat Corcoran, 3827 Wentworth av.
Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays of each month at S. W. corner of Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 13.

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Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

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Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

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Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

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Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flannigan, 811 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Mooney.
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Sunday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2856 Fifth avenue.
Vice President, Lawrence Hensly.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

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Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2228 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

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Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
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DIVISION 20.

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Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, 502 Twenty-ninth st.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
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President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 Clybourn av.
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Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Tyson av.
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Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

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Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
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Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

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DIVISION 25.

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Recording Secretary, Thos. D. Fitzgerald, 1068 S. Robey st.
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Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

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Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
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Financial Secretary, W. F. Garrity.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

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Vice President, Patrick J. Moran.
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Financial Secretary, Michael Larney.
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Vice President, James Tracy.
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Financial Secretary, E. A. Craighton.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
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Meets First and Third Thursdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 113th st. and South Park av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

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Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
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Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
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ENGLAND'S FOOD SUPPLY.

And How It Might Be Endangered In Certain War Contingencies.

Strong as the English war fleet is, it is very far from being strong enough to successfully engage a possible combination of fleets and at the same time protect our sea borne food supply. If the United States and Russia declared war with England, there would practically be no food supply left to protect. They would keep the immense supplies we now get from them at home, and the fear of capture or destruction would effectually prevent Argentina and other neutrals from sending food to us in any sufficient quantity.

What is wanted is that, instead of only a precarious week's supply, we should have stored up in this country enough corn to last for at least 12 months. Experts in the corn trade agree that there would be no insuperable difficulty in gradually accumulating this store of corn. It would be for experts to advise as to the best methods and places of storage.

Perhaps the best plan would be to distribute it over the country in magazines at the military depots, giving the military authorities charge of it, but if it was in the country and safe it would not so much matter where it was. Although most of our corn is made into flour at the great ports, it would not be wise, seeing that most of them are so defenseless, to store it there.

The entire control and management of this great national store of corn should be under some permanent government department. Although its existence could not fail to have a steadying effect on the corn market, it should be outside all speculative influences, the price at which it would be sold, when necessary to sell it, being fixed by law. It would be no sacrifice, in the long run, for the country to provide such a reserve of food, as it would always be worth its cost.

Other nations accumulate gold for use in wartime. We should have a war chest of corn. If we have it, what will it do?

It will give our navy time to devote itself to the crushing of the navy or navies opposed to us. It will give us time, with our great resources, to augment our fighting fleet to almost any extent, and it will give our farmers time to grow three or four times as much corn and breed a much larger quantity of cattle and sheep than they now do.—Nineteenth Century.

1875. CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS. 1896.

21st Annual Military Picnic

AND MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S FESTIVAL,

Given by the

First and Second Battalion

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS,

AT

OSWALD'S GROVE

Fifty-Second and Halsted Streets,

Saturday, July 4, 1896.

The following programme has been prepared by the committee in charge. Speaking at 8 p. m. Speakers, HON. M. V. GANNON, HON. M. J. KEANE. Senator JOSEPH P. MAHONEY will preside. Military exhibition drill at 3 p. m. Games and Athletic Sports of all kinds.

PROGRAMME:

1. 100 yard race for Men, open, prize, $5 hat, donated by Ald. Gallagher. 2. 100 yard race, open for Young Ladies, prize Silk Parasol, donated by John Beegan. 3. Running Hop, Step and Jump, open, prize Silver-Mounted Blackthorn Cane, donated by a friend. 4. Throwing 56-lb weight without follow, prize one pair of Pants, donated by Work Bros. 5. 100 yark race, open to members of the Guards only, prize one box of Pefecto Cigars, donated by Hibernian Cigar Co., J. J. Purcell, agent. 6. Tug-of-War, between the Innisfail and Sarsfield Clubs of the G. A. A., prize one case of Cream Pure Rye, donated by Dallemand & Co. Irish Reels and Jigs on separate platform. Music by Prof. Barney Delaney on the Irish Bagpipes. Gates open at 12 o'clock noon and close at midnight.

TICKETS - - - 50 CENTS

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